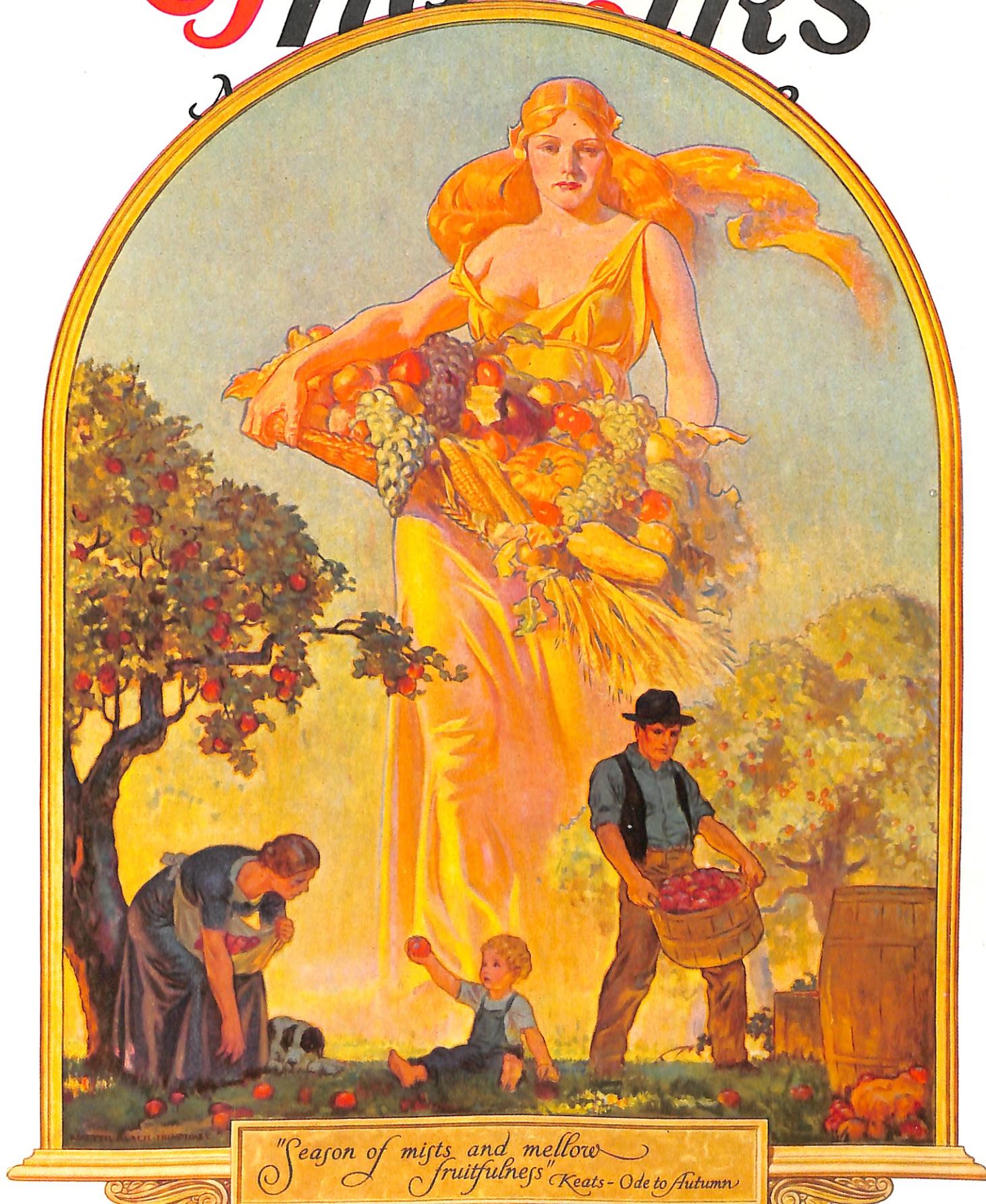


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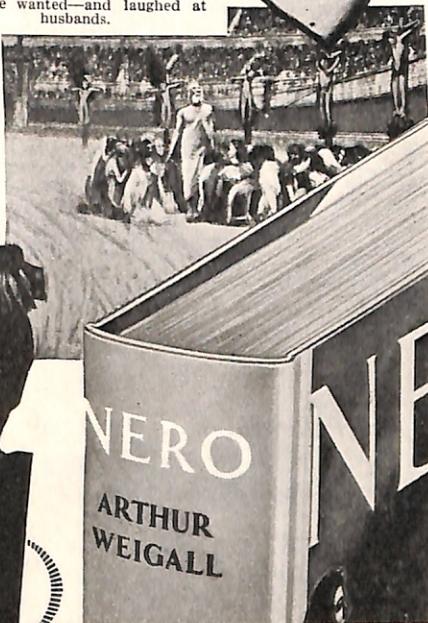
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To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . .

—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

JOSEPH T. FANNING
Editor and Executive Director

CHARLES SPENCER HART
Business Manager

SEPTEMBER 1935

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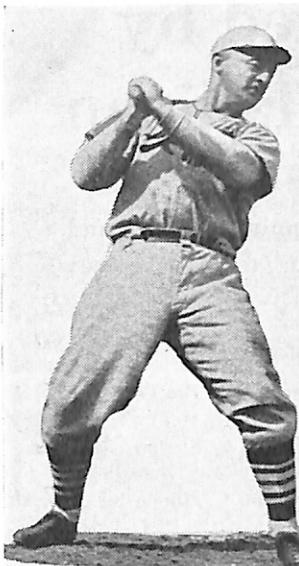
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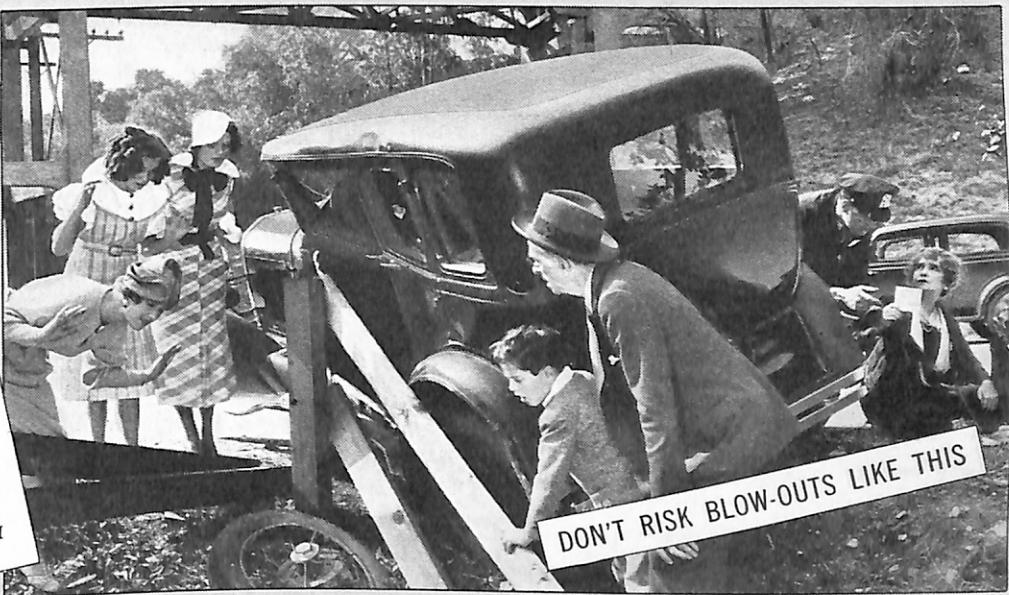


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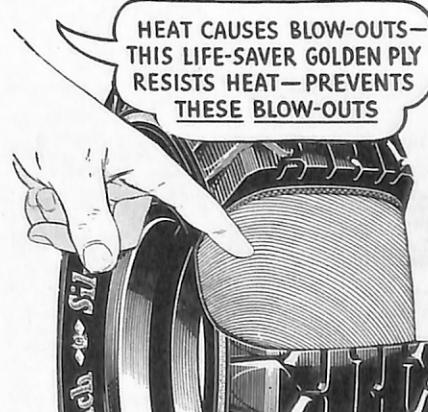
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MONTANA, WEST	H. F. Root P. O. Box 18 Bonner, Mont.	Missoula, No. 383 "Hellgate"	PENNSYLVANIA, NORTHEAST	A. L. Mitke 931 Birkbeck St. Freeland, Pa.	Freeland, No. 1145
NEBRASKA, EAST	Fred C. Laird Court House Fremont, Neb.	Fremont, No. 514	PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTHEAST	John S. Williams 236 Cedar Street Bristol, Pa.	Bristol, No. 970
NEBRASKA, WEST	James L. Martin c/o Ideal Laundry Scottsbluff, Neb.	Scottsbluff, No. 1367	PHILIPPINE ISLANDS	E. G. Hoffman c/o Associated Oil Co. Manila, P. I.	Manila, No. 761
NEVADA			PUERTO RICO	Chester W. Siegmund San Juan, Puerto Rico	San Juan, No. 972
NEW HAMPSHIRE	Albert N. Morris 196 Emery St. Berlin, New Hampshire	Berlin, No. 618	RHODE ISLAND	George A. Dolan 42 Franklin St. Westerly, R. I.	Westerly, No. 678
NEW JERSEY, CENTRAL	Chas. Roscenerans Garfield Ave. Long Branch, N. J.	Long Branch, No. 742	SOUTH CAROLINA	George M. Thompson Elks Home, 54 Went- worth St.	Charleston, No. 242
NEW JERSEY, NORTHEAST	Nelson A. Pomfret 533 East 27th St. Paterson, N. J.	Paterson, No. 60	SOUTH DAKOTA	Charleston, S. C. Milton E. Dowdell 400 West Fifth St. Mitchell, S. D.	Mitchell, No. 1059
NEW JERSEY, NORTHWEST	Harvey E. Harris 65 Washington St. Bloomfield, N. J.	Bloomfield, No. 788	TENNESSEE, EAST	C. Vernon Hines 407 Union Street Nashville, Tenn.	Nashville, No. 72
NEW JERSEY, SOUTH	Howard F. Lewis 206 E. Union Street Burlington, New Jersey	Burlington, No. 996	TENNESSEE, WEST	Joe Freed Thomas Bldg., High and Eaton Sts. Trenton, Tenn.	Trenton, No. 1279
NEW MEXICO	Arthur Carr Elks Home, 111 Lincoln Ave. Santa Fe, New Mexico	Santa Fe, No. 460	TEXAS, NORTH	Matt M. Sennett Box No. 1148 Pampa, Tex.	Pampa, No. 1573
NEW YORK, EAST	John P. Dayle Elks Home, 445 E. Main Street	Mount Kisco, No. 1552	TEXAS, NORTHEAST	E. J. Ormsby Box 1146 Kilgore, Texas	Mexia, No. 1449
NEW YORK, EAST CENTRAL	Mount Kisco, N. Y. Robert S. Kelly 342 Third Street Newburgh, N. Y.	Newburgh, No. 247	TEXAS, SOUTHEAST	W. W. Short 3108 Main Street Houston, Texas	Houston, No. 151
NEW YORK, NORTHEAST	Francis G. Roddy 2168 Thirteenth Street Troy, New York	Troy, No. 141	TEXAS, SOUTH	E. A. Bergfeld 213 E. Court St. Seguin, Texas	Seguin, No. 1229
NEW YORK, NORTH CENTRAL	Wm. A. Wolff 1313 Schuyler St. Rome, New York	Rome, No. 96	TEXAS, WEST	T. J. Vallas Box 301 Breckenridge, Texas	Breckenridge, No. 1480
NEW YORK, SOUTH CENTRAL	Claude Y. Cushman 25 Roosevelt Ave. Binghamton, N. Y.	Binghamton, No. 852	UTAH	W. Harry Nightingale 175 Edith Ave. Salt Lake City, Utah	Salt Lake City, No. 85
NEW YORK, WEST	Roy M. Bradley 138 Virginia Blvd. Jamestown, N. Y.	Jamestown, No. 263	VERMONT	Patrick J. Kane 5 Austin Ave. Hanover, N. H.	Hartford, No. 1541
NEW YORK, WEST CENTRAL	Stephen McGrath 333 Earl Ave. Oneida, N. Y.	Oneida, No. 767	VIRGINIA, EAST	Benjamin T. Pitts Box 286 Fredericksburg, Va.	Fredericksburg, No. 875
NEW YORK, SOUTHEAST	Michael A. Petroccia 20 Bridge Street Glen Cove, N. Y.	Glen Cove, No. 1458	VIRGINIA, WEST	C. Harold Queen c/o Lynchburg Foundry Co.	Lynchburg, No. 321
NORTH CAROLINA, EAST	L. H. Trulove 2018 Woolcott Ave. Wilmington, N. C.	Wilmington, No. 532	WASHINGTON, EAST	Lynchburg, Va. Glenn G. Becker Box 470 Wenatchee, Wash.	Wenatchee, No. 1186
NORTH CAROLINA, WEST	Henry M. Durham 116 N. Greene Street Greensboro, N. C.	Greensboro, No. 602	WASHINGTON, NORTHWEST	Frank L. Cooper Colby Building Everett, Wash.	Everett, No. 479
NORTH DAKOTA	Noel F. Tharalson Chamber of Commerce Devils Lake, N. D.	Devils Lake, No. 1216	WASHINGTON, SOUTHWEST	M. B. Lytle 401 W. 3rd St. Aberdeen, Wash.	Aberdeen, No. 593
OHIO, NORTH CENTRAL	Harlow M. Stahl R. F. D. No. 1 Bellevue, O.	Bellevue, No. 1013	WEST VIRGINIA, NORTH	Harry R. Cronin Jacobs Building Fairmont, West Va.	Fairmont, No. 294
OHIO, NORTHEAST	Ralph H. Stone 338 Liberty Street Conneaut, O.	Conneaut, No. 256	WEST VIRGINIA, SOUTH	H. B. Smith 2114 Fulton St. Bluefield, West Va.	Bluefield, No. 269
OHIO, NORTHWEST	Melvin C. Light 1106 Old National City Bldg. Lima, O.	Lima, No. 54	WISCONSIN, NORTHEAST	W. L. Ainsworth Box 365 Fond du Lac, Wis.	Fond du Lac, No. 57
OHIO, SOUTH CENTRAL	Robert W. Dunkle 604 Cherokee Road Chillicothe, O.	Chillicothe, No. 52	WISCONSIN, NORTHWEST	W. Del Curtis Box 154 Wausau, Wis.	Wausau, No. 248
OHIO, SOUTHEAST	David H. Dankworth 4919 N. Jefferson St. Bellaire, O.	Bellaire, No. 419	WISCONSIN, SOUTH	Otis L. Trenary 6027 Fifth Ave. Kenosha, Wis.	Kenosha, No. 750
OHIO, SOUTHWEST	Thos. J. O'Neill 4025 W. Eighth St. Cincinnati, O.	Cincinnati, No. 5	WYOMING	Thomas J. McInerney 400 East 19th Street Cheyenne, Wyo.	Cheyenne, No. 660

The shout that came from McGow's throat was a cry of victory. He wasn't alone. His men had come back. And they were fighting the blow

LUKE McGOW watched his men. He knew they hated him, knew that every man in the tunnel would have been glad to drive a fist against his jaw. And he knew when the shift was over one of them would try.

Within the past week he had fought six. Each had once been his friend. He had fought them silently, savagely, and with a methodical thoroughness, just as he was driving them to their work in the tunnel. He had won each fight. But here beneath the river he was losing. Thirty men had turned against him, and he could not continue to drive a gang who refused to be driven.

He was naked to the waist. A heavy growth of sweat drenched hair covered his chest and arms. His hands were wide with stubby fingers and the nails were blackened and broken. There was a world of power in his shoulders, and his face was square, hard and determined.

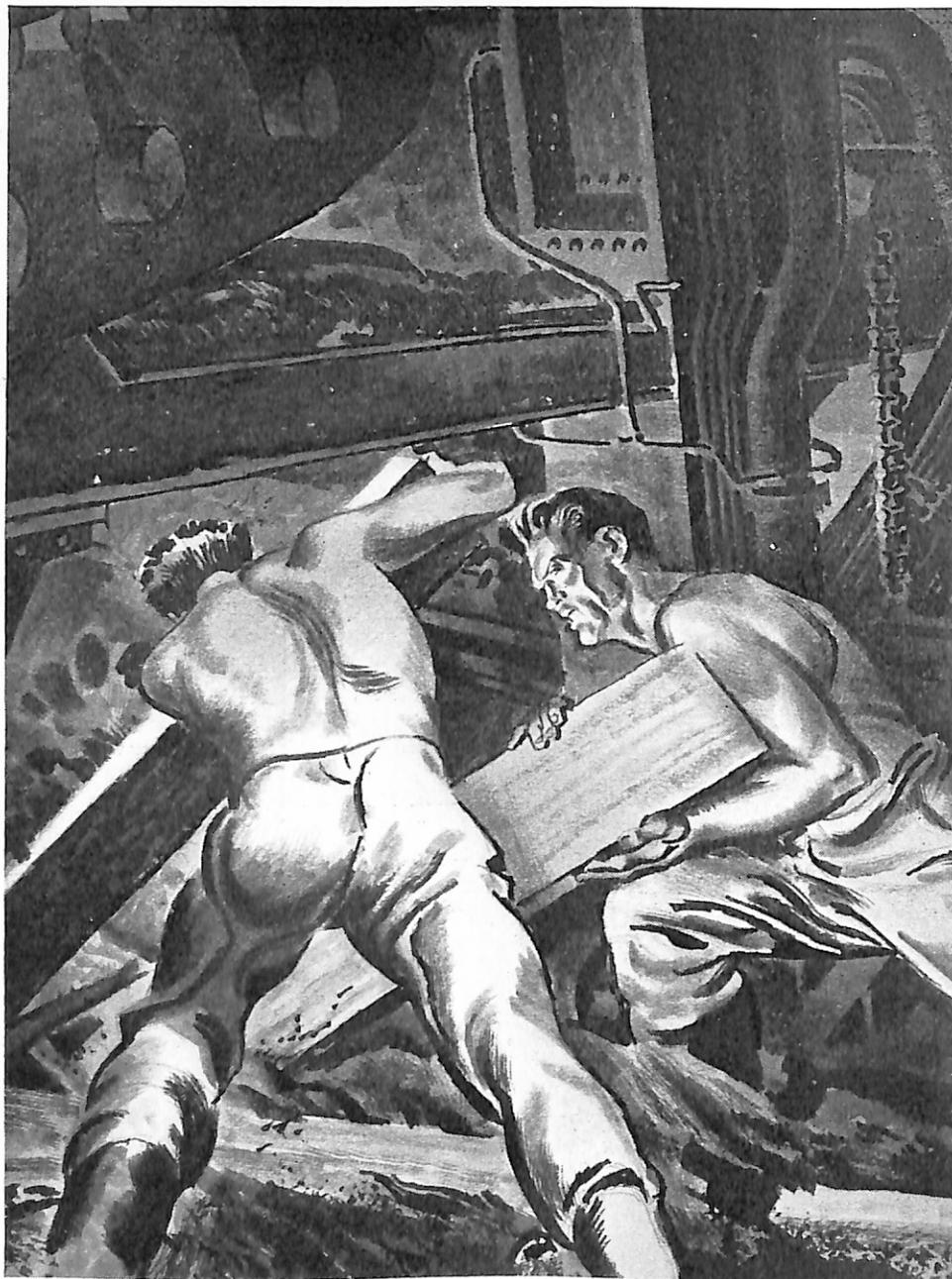
Luke McGow was a heading boss of the sand hogs. And he was a tough one. Deep below the bed of the Hudson River he was driving a tunnel, crowding work upon a gang of sullen men. There was the Swede—blond, fair skinned and tall, with hands that could span a nail keg. Crouched beside him at the muck pile was Red Mullans—red haired and with a red stubble of beard upon his chin. He was thick chested and short. Twisting sinews knotted and lumped upon his arms. He fought the sand as though it were a man, ripping, slashing, throwing it from him. And when he glanced at McGow he spat.

"Thinks he's a man killer, eh?" he grunted. "I'll take it out of him when we get up top."

"He break you damn neck," said the Swede, and his shovel bit into the sand. "That Luke McGow he go crazy I guess. Why he want to drive us this way? He usen't to be like that."

There were others who wondered as they stooped above the muck pile. Men with wide backs and muscular arms. And the flickering lights of the tunnel caught puzzled frowns upon their faces as they swung to their labor. They were big men, powerful men and they were proud of their might. They hated this man who drove them. Hated him because they suddenly could not understand him.

Here beneath the river they worked in a mad world. Forty pounds of compressed air thrust against each square inch of surface in the tube. It caused a mist like a heavy fog that rolled in billows along the tunnel. Through it the noise of tools came as the muffled clang of steel against steel. It lifted at times to reveal the moving forms of half naked men shoveling sand into iron muck cars that clattered off into darkness.

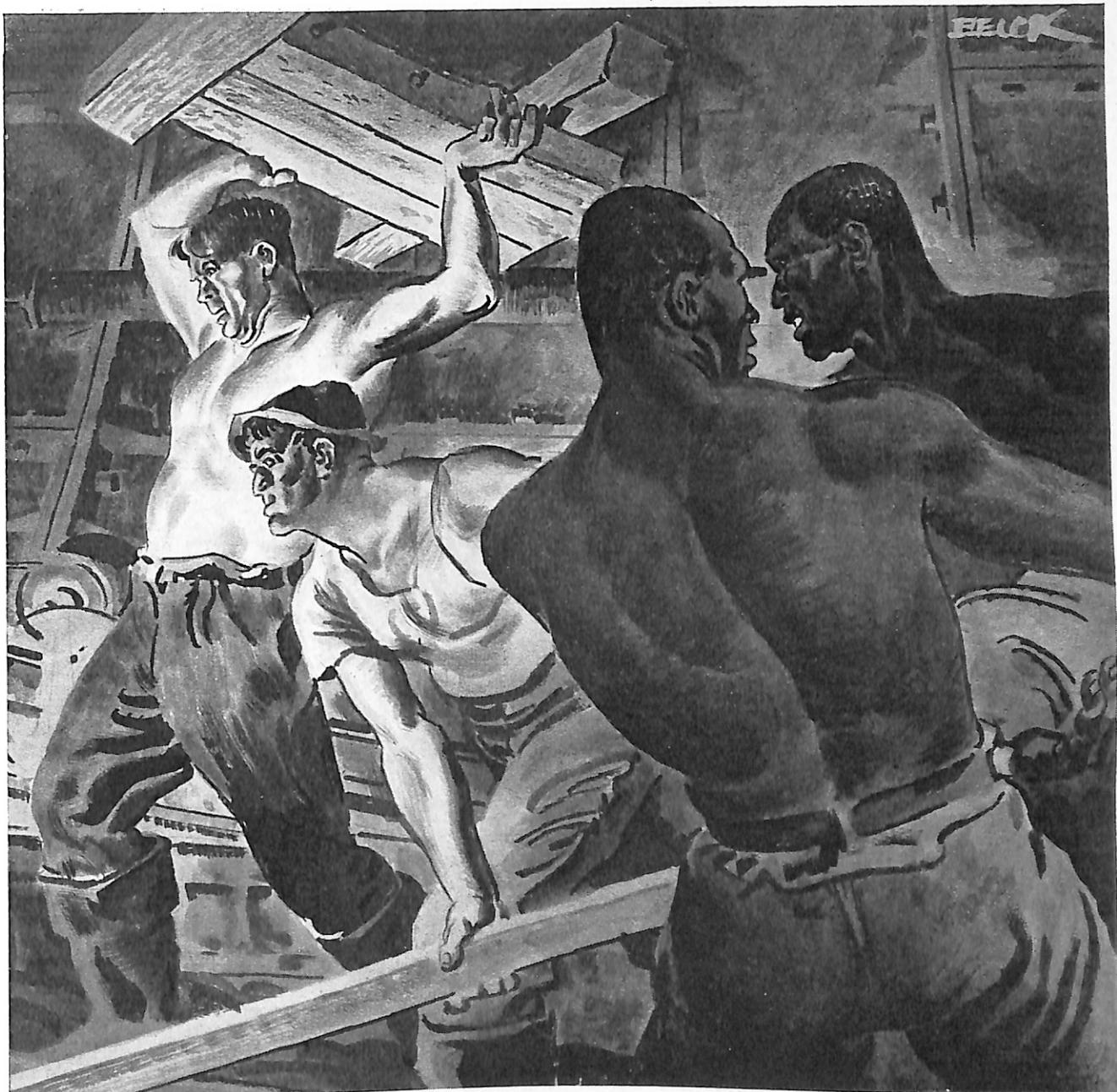


It Takes

Above, close under the curving roof of the thirty-foot tube, a group of giant blacks stood grouped upon a wooden platform. They were the men of the iron gang. And their arms rose and fell in steady cadence, tightening segments that formed the tunnel lining. Some were Jamaicans, others ebony skinned Senegalese—all were monstrous in size. They worked silently save for a few grunted words. But their eyes drifted constantly to the man below them.

For ten years Luke McGow had held the respect of his men. He was known wherever tunnels were built as a good boss—a square man. He wanted no shirkers in his gang. He asked for a fair day's work. But he had been content when he received it.

Always there had been a word of praise for the huge blacks at the end of each shift. He had been known to stand with the muckers, swinging a shovel in a wild race against two



Men

by Borden Chase

Illustrated by Peter Helck

men—with a week's pay bet upon the loading of a muck car.

But all that was gone now. For two weeks he had made that tunnel a little section of hell. He drove the iron gang with curses that lashed. He raged at the miners. No matter how much sand the muckers moved, it was never enough. From the first moment of the shift until the last it was drive, drive—drive until they staggered about like drunken men. Until there was fire in their chests and their breath came in sobbing gasps.

Once there had been laughter and good natured joking in the heading. The Negroes had chanted snatches of song as they whipped the heavy wrenches up and down. The miners had found time for a bawdy jest or a rough prank. And McGow's laugh had been louder than any.

That was over. Now McGow drove them like slaves. And the men were fighting back. While he watched the muckers

loading cars in the bottom, the iron gang above rested upon their wrenches. When he climbed the curving walls of the tunnel to curse the blacks, the miners in the forward section of the tube laughed silently. And they shirked. The gang had given McGow a fair day's work. But he was not content. Now they would give him nothing.

From the dark reaches of the tunnel came the tread of heavy boots. The Swede looked up from his work, passed the back of a hand across his dripping forehead, and grunted.

"By Gar—I'm glad this shift be over." He swung toward McGow. "Hi, Luke——"

"Wait," said Mullans. "Let me tell him."

He stepped from beside the muck pile and stared at the heading boss.

"Here's the new gang—Driver," he called.

The shovels stopped. The wrenches stopped. There was a

silence in the tunnel made more intense by the dull thunner of air belching from the feed line. Each man stood quietly and looked at McGow. And the relieving gang who had come in to take over the work in the tube, halted in the bottom, staring.

Driver McGow. He had a new name that would mark him wherever sand hogs worked. Driver—the name was a curse. Man killer. Slave driver. It meant more than either. It told of a man who was not satisfied with the best his gang had to offer.

"He break you neck, like I tell you," warned the Swede. "Maybe," said Red Mullans. "We'll see."

Driver McGow said nothing as he led his men along the completed section of the tunnel. And the forty minutes spent in the decompression chamber were forty minutes of silence. Seated on long wooden benches against the sides of the lock, the men stared stolidly at the floor, or fumbled with their fingers, using slivers of wood to clean the grime from beneath the nails.

One minute of decompression for each pound of pressure used in the tunnel was the hard and fast rule. During this time the compressed air seeped from the tired bodies of the sand hogs. And during this time they settled their differences. Locked in this iron cylinder by tons of pressure they were in a world of their own. Whatever happened was a secret of the tunnel. McGow's gang looked at the floor and waited.

Twenty minutes had passed. Twenty minutes of silence. Red Mullans rubbed the knuckles of his left fist against a dirty trouser leg. He blew upon the palm of his right. He glanced at the man he had named Driver. And McGow's lips were tight against his teeth.

Air whispered through the exhaust valve. The finger of the recording gauge moved slowly around to zero. The outer door groaned with the release of pressure.

"You're out," said the lock-tender.

Red Mullans laughed.

"Yellow," he said, and started toward the door.

Driver McGow threw himself the length of the lock. He gripped Mullans by the shoulder and spun him around.

"You've asked for it, Red," he said. And his fist smashed against Mullans' jaw.

The mucker's knees buckled. His head drooped forward. He pawed blindly with his hands until they hooked onto Driver's shoulders. He cursed. And butted his head against McGow's chin.

They were down on the floor of the lock. The gang drew back to give them room, and to watch. Mullans's left arm circled Driver's

head. His right fist pounded the heading boss's face. It lifted and fell, bruising, cutting, hammering. McGow fought silently. His great arms thrust the mucker from him. He scrambled to his knees and gripped the mucker by the hair. His right fist traveled in a short arc and landed fairly between Mullans's eyes. He stood erect. And looked for a brief moment at the man beneath him.

"Pick him up," he said to the others. And he left the lock.

Blue prints and scale maps lined the walls of the superintendent's office. The air was heavy with tobacco smoke. A battered flat top desk stood beneath the single window. Behind it sat the superintendent, and seated upon one corner of the desk was Harry Gribling, master mechanic.

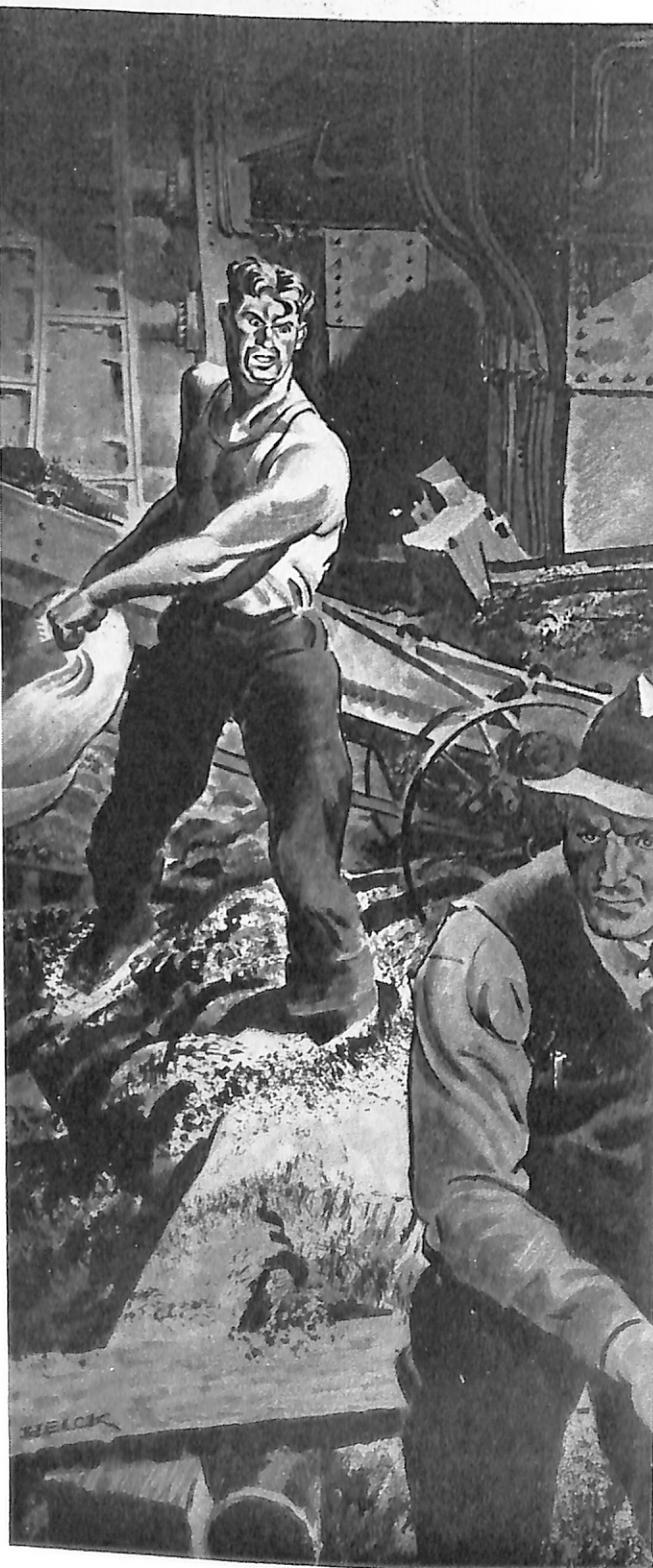
He was tall, thin and with the look of a man who has spent his life working upon machinery. His eyes were blue, a metallic blue. His jaws were square and seemed to click when they moved. His nose was long and hooked. His lips were thin, bloodless and drawn to a straight line.

"McGow is licked," he said. "He made good for a while, but for the past week he's been falling back every day. Look here"—he crossed to a large map upon which the progress of the tunnel was marked at the conclusion of each shift—"twenty-five feet of tunnel was the average day's work two weeks ago. That was when I tried to get you to put in the machines. For the past week we've been getting less than twenty. I tell you McGow's licked."

"I'm afraid you're right, Harry," said the superintendent, and there was reluctance in his answer.

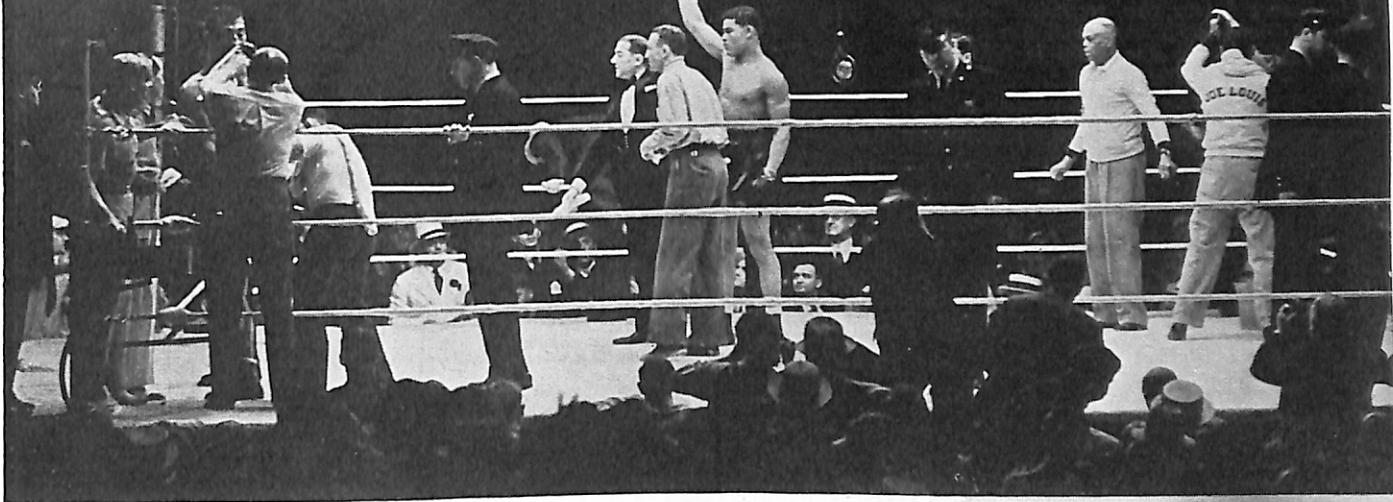
Rand Talbot was facing a decision that had to be made. He had put it off for months. But as superintendent it was definitely a part of his job to save money for the company. Gribling's figures proved conclusively that machinery could take the place of half the men in the tunnel—even more than half. It would be cheaper and more efficient. Sweat and muscle would give way to the hum of swift moving wheels and pistons. Steel would replace flesh and bone. The sand hogs would go. Belt conveyors and bolt tightening machines would be set up in their place.

Talbot had spent forty years of his life driving tunnels beneath the rivers of the world. He remembered the time when a courageous group of laborers had first tested the power of compressed air—this intangible force that was to hold back the river while they built a tunnel deep (Continued on page 37)



"Go, if you want!" shouted McGow. "Go and take your machines with you!"

Finding the Way to the Knockout



by Joel P. Glass

Above: Joe Louis triumphs over Carnera. The powerful Italian, whose downfall in this fight was brought about by Louis's constant punches to the head, is on the left. He is able to stand, but he received plenty of punishment. Center: An action shot of the fight which made James J. Braddock the present heavyweight champion. Baer is on the right. Below: A dramatic moment during the famous Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago in 1927. The referee is starting the much-talked-of 14 count here

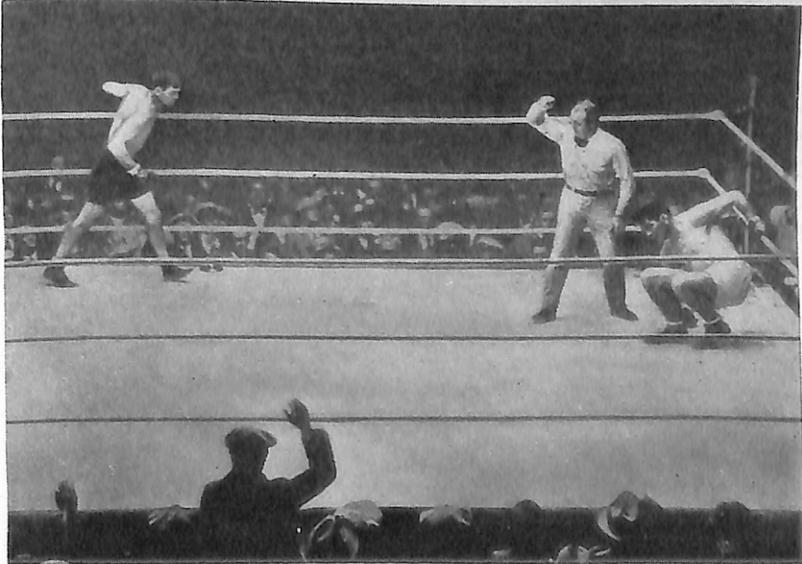
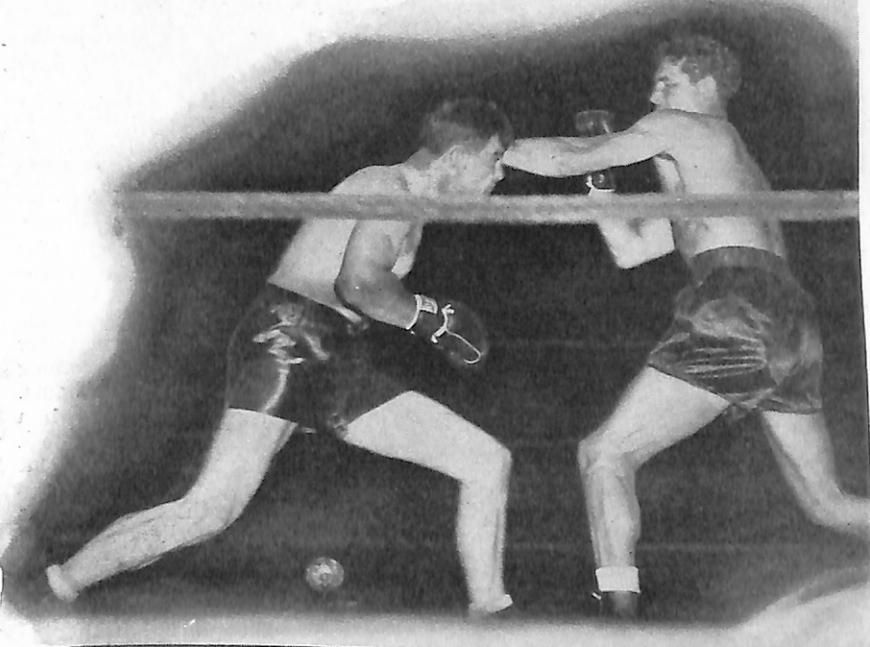
THE scene is Madison Square Garden—not the present, but the old one. The time a night in 1928. The occasion is a battle in the squared circle.

This is not a highly important fight. No championship is at stake. Yet the followers of boxing are deeply interested. They are present in large numbers to judge the ability of a husky young stranger from Chicago engagingly named Tuffy Griffiths.

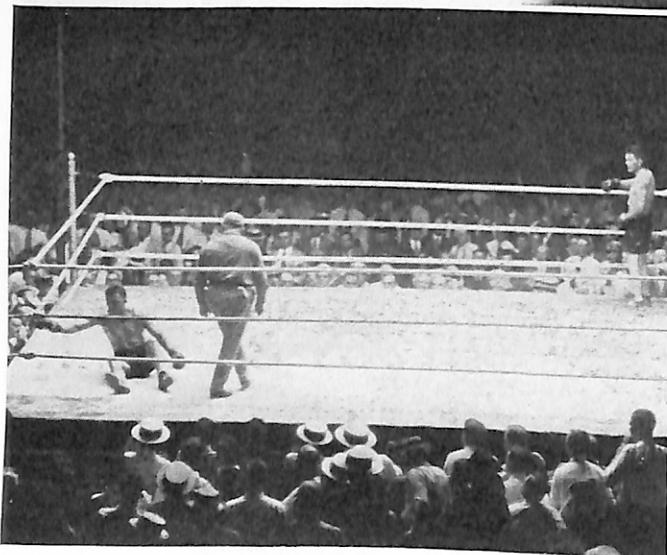
Tuffy never has displayed his wares to a New York audience. He has won, however, fifty-five straight battles in the West, mostly by stretching his opponents flat on the canvas, unable to rise. The fans love knockouts. They love fighters who know the solution to the difficult puzzle of finding the way to the knockout spot. This first Eastern engagement in the historic Garden, goal of every ambitious boxer, may place Tuffy on the road to a championship, glory and the big money.

The promoters haven't given him a set-up. Neither have they sought to make things too hard for him. Opposite him is one James J. Braddock. Jim is a fine young fellow, clear-eyed, rosy-cheeked. He has been fighting a little more than two years. He has a pile-driving right fist. It has brought him a string of one, two and three-round knockouts.

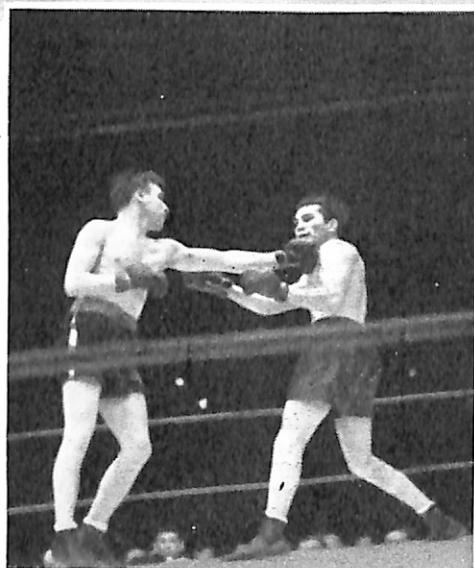
It must be admitted, though, that his victims have been far from world-beaters. The Garden



At right: A tense moment during the Dempsey-Sharkey fight, that Jack Dempsey had planned for months in advance, and which he had to win to get another chance at Tunney, the then-champion. Below at left: The powerful Tom Gibbons is downed by the strategic Tunney. Young Gene had studied the tactics of Gibbons for years before this meeting. Below at right: Jimmy McLarnin and Barney Ross fighting in New York in 1935



Photos for this article
by Acme, International, Keystone, and
Underwood & Underwood



crowd looks on him as a trial horse for Tuffy Griffiths, who is backed at 6 to 1 in the betting. Jim doesn't realize that this night he is beginning a career of underdogging that will lead him to a world's championship.

Braddock is a stand-up fighter. No crouching and weaving for him. He is always in position to hit. You will see that as the fight goes on this is important. But let him tell it as he told it to me:

"I had made no particular plans that would lead up to a knockout of Griffiths," said Jim. "I didn't know much about him except that he kept boring in. So, when the bell rang for the first round, I just went in to box him and feel him out.

"He kept coming in, shooting wide left hooks at me. I thought, 'If I can catch him with a right as he steps in with that left hook I may put this guy down.' Nobody did any damage in this round. Griffiths was feeling his way, too. When the second round began I waited to see what he would do. Sure enough he kept coming in. Pretty soon he opened up with another of those hooks.

"I was all set for it. Quick as a flash I stepped inside and poked my right to his jaw. The blow traveled only six inches. But down he went for the ten count. He was as game as they come. He didn't realize how badly he was hurt. The old instinct to keep going was still in him and he tried to rise by crawling up the referee's legs."

If this fight ruined Tuffy Griffiths as a championship prospect, it made, in a

sense, Jim Braddock. From now on he met men of bigger calibre—men like Joe Sekyra, Leo Lomski, Tommy Loughran and Maxie Rosenbloom. He shared in fatter purses. But there was something wrong. He lost too many bouts. His rivals could not knock him out; but neither could he knock them out. And the decisions went against him.

After the Griffiths fight the fans had wondered if Braddock was not a champion in the making. Presently they wondered no more. Time was to prove them wrong, but meanwhile Jim's services became less and less in demand. Days of poverty descended. Who could foresee the comeback from obscurity that was to make him the conqueror of Champion Max Baer?

I talked with Jim at his training camp just before this meeting, so momentous to him. He told me then he never laid down plans for leading up to a knockout until he got into the ring. "I watch for an opening," he said, "using my left hand to maneuver the other fellow into position. When I get the chance I throw the right hand at him. I deliver my knockout punches with my right."

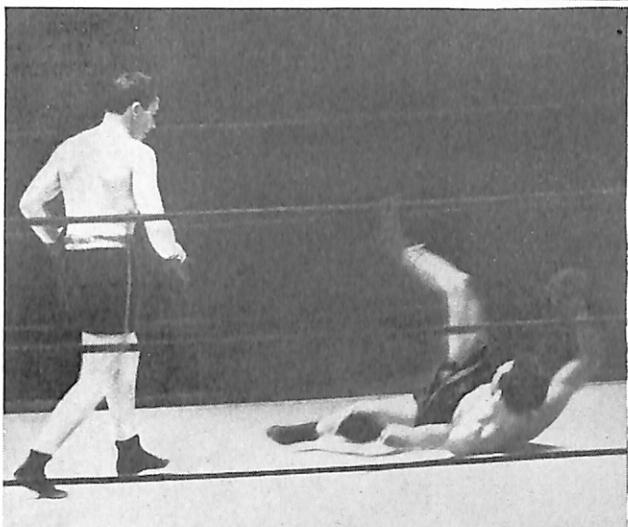
However satisfactory the outcome of the Braddock-Baer fight may have been, the public was not at all happy over its performance. Almost all who saw it—either at the Madison Square Garden Bowl or in the movies—have asked either, "Why didn't Baer knock out Braddock?" or "Why didn't Braddock knock out Baer?"

On the technical side it is easy to answer these questions.

Like Braddock, Baer is a right-handed hitter. He denies that his right swing is wild, as so many people think. "I'm always aiming it at something," he assured me about the time he met Braddock. But of course Braddock was too old a hand not to perceive when Max was going to unlimber that right. He could block it, if he wished; but there was a much easier way to avoid it. This was to bend back and let Max's fist whistle harmlessly past his face. From this position, Jim was able to send in a solid return. He upset the champion's timing.

On the other hand, Jim's left found Baer's jaw and face pretty continually. There wasn't much kick in it, but it kept Max away from him and also spoiled his balance and timing. Hitting Max

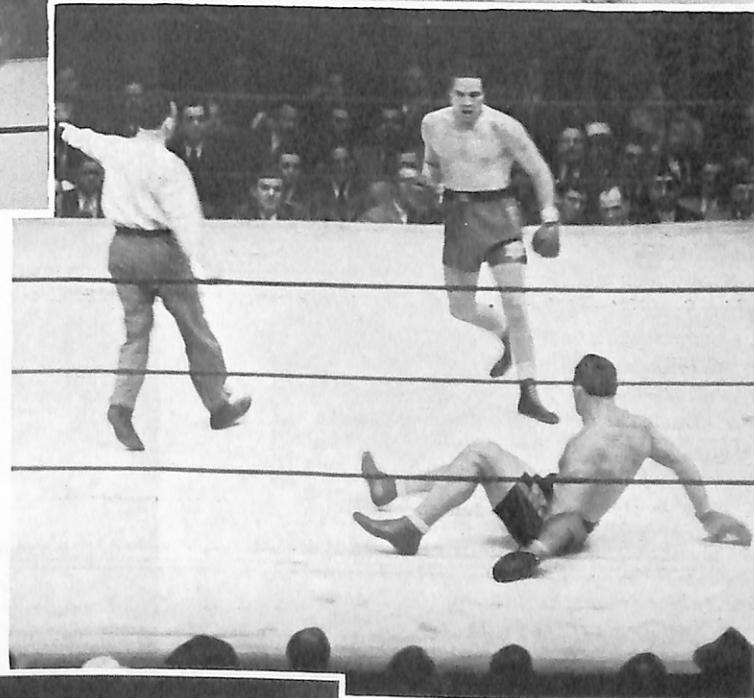
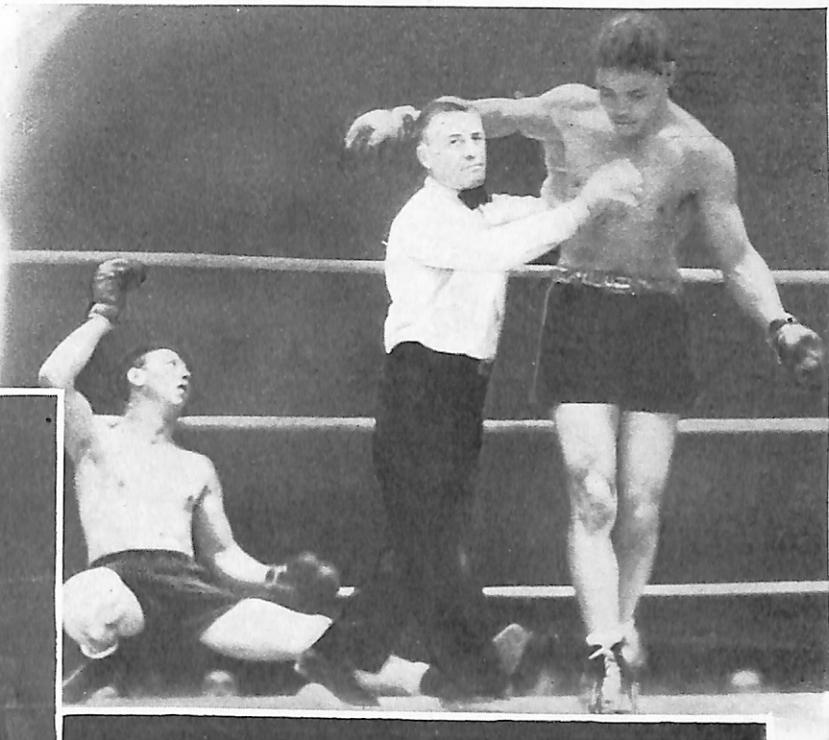
Top at right: Lee Ramage succumbs to the battering of Louis's powerful punches. Louis took more than his share of punishment from Ramage, considered by many one of the most scientific fighters. The negro held on, however, and won. Below at left: Jimmy McLarnin in the sensational match with Young Corbett, in which McLarnin knocked out Corbett in the first round. Below at right: The Baer-Carnera fight, in which Baer used to advantage pointers he had picked up when boxing with the Italian in the movies



with it frequently and occasionally scoring with his right, he would have been foolish to have opened up too much in an effort to knock out the champion. It might have cost him victory. Nowadays you don't have to knock out a champion to take his title away. Jim felt reasonably sure he was out-boxing Baer and that he would get the decision.

There were, however, other reasons why the fight was a disappointment. A partial explanation lies in that statement of Braddock's that he does not plan a fight in advance. A further explanation is contained in a similar attitude on the part of Baer. Jim and Max are what may be called ring opportunists—and neither of them a first-rate one, either, when it comes to that.

There are two classes of boxers. There are those who let the circumstances of the battle decide their movements. They look for their opponent's vulnerable side and then seek to penetrate it with a knockout blow—or the equivalent punch that will make them master of the situation—as the fighting progresses. Then there are those who give to every man they meet a vast amount of preliminary study and who plan their fights long before entering the ring. On the whole the planners are better fighters than the opportunists, though the latter often rise to great heights. Jack Dempsey was an opportunist developed to the Nth degree. But he was a tiger in the ring. His keen eyes detected an opening for one of his vicious thrusts almost before it appeared. His mind telegraphed the news to his elastic muscles with amazing speed, and they responded with uncanny accuracy and power. Either a knockout followed, or the way for one was prepared.



Neither Braddock nor Baer possesses the qualities of a Dempsey, though Max comes nearer to doing so than Jim. The surprising circumstance is that Baer should have remained an opportunist after the victory over Primo Carnera that made him champion. It was a bit of information about Primo which he personally gathered long before they were matched that started him on the road to victory. With this information in his possession he was able to hatch a plan. The plan was the big Italian's undoing.

"I learned how to beat Carnera while we were both in Hollywood for the filming of the (Continued on page 34)

At left: Joe Welling and Benny Leonard pose before their fight back in 1920



by Phillips Coles

Above in circle is Patti Chapin, one of the Columbia System's featured singers, who is heard at various times during the week. Lovely to look at, delightful to know. . . .

One might think the leap from acting dear, old, psalm-singing Seth Parker to playing a G-Man would be a long one, but Phillips Lord (upper right), with his customary agility, seems to have made it with ease. Now you can hear him making believe he is a G-Man along with all the movie stars except Shirley Temple. Actual crime cases are taken from the files of the Department of Justice, turned into radio scripts sponsored by the Chevrolet Motor Company, and then J. Edgar Hoover, the super-G-Man, approves the whole thing. But don't think this lets Seth Parker out, no siree bob! He plugs right along just the same.

At right is an action shot of Ray Noble, the British orchestra leader, rehearsing his band. Alongside him is Al Bowly, his featured singer. Noble's soft, sophisticated arrangements and insidious rhythms have made his band one of the most popular in the East.

(Inset), being poked in the ribs, is a caricature of Charley Winninger by Xavier Cugat, the Cuban rhumba gentleman. Winninger is now on an NBC-WEAF program, called the Ivory Tent Show, Sunday evenings.

At bottom is decorative Marjorie Logan, a society girl who has been singing about in New York's smart clubs and wise broadcasting stations. She croons torch songs best of anything, and looks like Tallulah Bankhead.

Cast and Broadcast



Ray Lee Jackson



William Haussler



by George Beck



After I played her some of my songs, she promised she would do something for me. She has lots of drag with the music publishers who are all the time trying to get her to sing their songs

Tin Pan Alley Anthem

*Illustrated by
Earl Oliver Hurst*

The Riverdale Sentinel, Sept. 12

FRED BENDER LEAVES FOR NEW YORK
Local Musician to Further Composing Career

Fred Bender, popular young maestro of the Riverdale Melodists, left yesterday on the 3:12 for New York City, where he will take up his residence while in pursuit of that elusive lady, Fame.

Included in the crowd of well-wishers seeing him off were the composer's mother, father and sister; most of the members of the Riverdale Social Club; and James Kedrick, proprietor of Riverdale's leading furniture salon, who offered the departing

Mr. Bender a substantial salary increase in a last-minute effort to keep him in Riverdale.

THE SENTINEL joins its best wishes to those of all Riverdale. We are sorry to see him go; but know he will bring much credit to his home town.

Good luck, Freddy; and good songs.

Dear Diary:

September 13

Well, here we are in New York City. It is a tremendous, a vast metropolis, after Riverdale. I had no idea any place could be half so wonderful and am afraid I will wake up to find it all a dream. And here in our little room in Tin Pan Alley, where all the famous composers got their start, I will begin creating the melodies all the world will soon be singing.

POST CARD

Dear Sally:

Sept. 14

New York is a vast metropolis. I am sorry you were not at the train to see me off. You missed my speech and I missed you. This is a picture of Times Square, the crossroads of the world. I just moved in this block. See arrow. Write me at 151 West 47th Street. Will write more soon. Love.

Fred

POST CARD

Hi Butch!

Sept. 14

Please send me a copy of the Sentinel with the write-up about me and my speech I made. This is some town. Watch me make it sit up and beg. I'm at 151 West 47th Street, in the heart of Tin Pan Alley. Write me there and best to the gang.

Fred

POST CARD

Dearest Mom:

Sept. 14

Arrived safe and already miss you and Dad and Sis. I'm at 151 West 47th Street. New York sure is a marvelous place except that the food isn't like yours by a long sight. Will write loads soon and watch the money come rolling in. Love.

Fred

Mr. Fred Bender
151 West 47th Street
New York City

Dear Fred:

I am sorry we had to fight before you went away, and I'm sorry I wasn't at the train to see you off. But you know how I felt about your leaving. I still can't see it and hope you will come to your senses soon before it is too late and that you will come home right away. Like I always said, I see no reason why you can't write your silly songs in your spare time right here.

I told you the night before you left that I will not stand for any more of your foolishness and I meant it.

Tomorrow, your mother and I and your sister Elsie are going to look at the Swain cottage on the state road again. The one they built for their daughter who ran away with that Boston man. Mr. Swain said he would sell it cheap, all furnished like it stands. He will make a special price because it is for you and me. Remember how much we fell in love with it the last time we saw it? I think it's just lovely, just right for us to settle down in. I hope you will get over that crazy idea of yours and settle down in earnest to try to make something of yourself and become manager of Kedrick's some day. I saw Mr. Kedrick yesterday and he said he would be glad to give you back your job any time because you bring him business.

What progress have you made so far? Have they paid a lot of money for your songs? Be very careful of those New Yorkers. They're very sharp and will take

advantage of you in money matters. Especially if they see you are not a New Yorker.

Please get some sense and come home to

Your loving Sally.

P.S.—I baked you a cake I am sending. Also the song you wrote called Milady Love that you dedicated to me is very cute. Sammy Swain played it for me and says it is a cute song but the words aren't very good. He thinks Milady Love is a bad title, as nobody knows what it means. Sam is a cute boy. I wish you had as much ambition as him and would apply yourself more diligently to common-sense things like furniture and not music.

S.

Mr. William Drake

The Sentinel

Riverdale, Vermont

Hi-di-ho Butch!

151 West 47th Street

New York City

Sept. 30

Boyoboy, did I meet a woman! Her name is Florence Hilton and she sings over the radio on a small station where I went to look for a piano-playing job to keep me in groceries till I hit the big-paying composing money. I've been going the rounds of the music publishers without any luck at all so far. They all like my stuff swell only they won't take any songs from me because I am still an unknown outsider. How do they ever expect a fellow to become an insider unless they give me a chance to get in? You answer that for me. They don't answer questions here. But wait, I'll show them.

About Miss Hilton. She sure is something to look at by the hour and get all breathless over. I met her when some fresh guy tried to squeeze into a phone booth with her at the broadcasting studio. I guess he tried to get fresh and I didn't think Miss Hilton liked the idea, so I slapped him down and Miss Hilton was very grateful. She let me take her to dinner and right away we were the best of friends. I told her all about myself and how tough it is for a fellow with a lot of talent like me to get it recognized in this town.

After I played her some of my songs, she promised she would do something for me. She has lots of drag with the music publishers, who are all the time trying to get her to sing their songs on the air so they will become popular. She said when I slapped this guy down that I showed her a new and novel way of getting rid of song pluggers.

Thanks for the letter and it's about

21 Elm Lane, Riverdale,
Vermont, Sept. 18

Mrs. Amelia Bender
18 Elm Lane
Riverdale, Vermont



September, 1935

15

time you sent the *Sentinel* write-up. It sure was lousy, that write-up. Why didn't you include the speech I made at the station like I thought you promised? You wait and as soon as Miss Hilton gets me my big chance, I'll be sending you a lot of real write-ups and interviews the New York papers will all be printing about me. It won't take long, because all it takes is a couple of big hits and I can sure write them.

Watch the newspapers for stuff about me. I'll be sitting on top of the world with Gershwin and Berlin and Johnny Green soon. But don't worry. I'm not the sort who will high-hat my friends.

Best,
Fred

Mr. Fred Bender
151 West 47th Street
New York City

Dear Son:

I take my pen in hand to write you that we are all well here at home and miss you very much. I am glad to hear you are working hard. Courage, my boy, and clean living will bring you success.

I am sorry the food is so bad in New York. You must be very careful of your stomach and don't eat sweets or fried things. I am sending you a case of apples, the winesaps you like so much, and I am baking a lot more goodies for you and here is ten dollars. I am sorry but that is all the money I have in the house and Father says you can't get any more from him. You know how hard times are.

What is this you write about a girl, Florence Hilton? While she appears to be a very nice sort of person from your letters, I must advise you not to get too friendly with any New York girls. Father says if you spent more time working and trying to find a steady job to keep you, and less time gallivanting, you wouldn't need so much money. I realize living is high in New York, but you had over fifty dollars when you left here and fifty dollars is a lot of money.

It is different than you said it would be. I mean, you said you would soon be sending home money and here I am sending it to you. I am sure you aren't being reckless and spending your money foolishly. Like on girls. If Miss Hilton is the sort you say she is, I know she wouldn't let you spend your

money on her. Especially as you have a girl like Sally waiting for you.

Did you get the jelly roll and pie all right?

Love,

Mother

TINKLE TUNES PUBLISHING CO.
1580 Broadway
New York City

Miss Florence Hilton
354 West 12th Street
New York City

Oct. 5

Dear Flo:

All right, I give up. Send this wonder-boy of yours along and I'll listen.

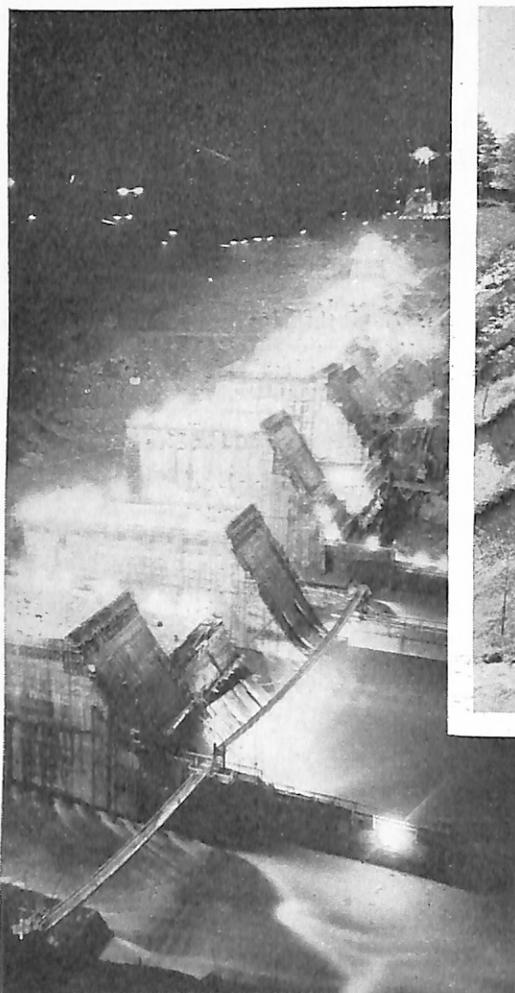
I don't suppose you know it, but Tinkle and every other publisher in town are so tied up with composers we can't move without stepping on a gross of them. If, as George Gershwin so aptly put it, all song writers were laid end to end, it would be a good idea.

Why don't you tell him to get a job or something? Publishers are taking only from writers on their lists. It's the only

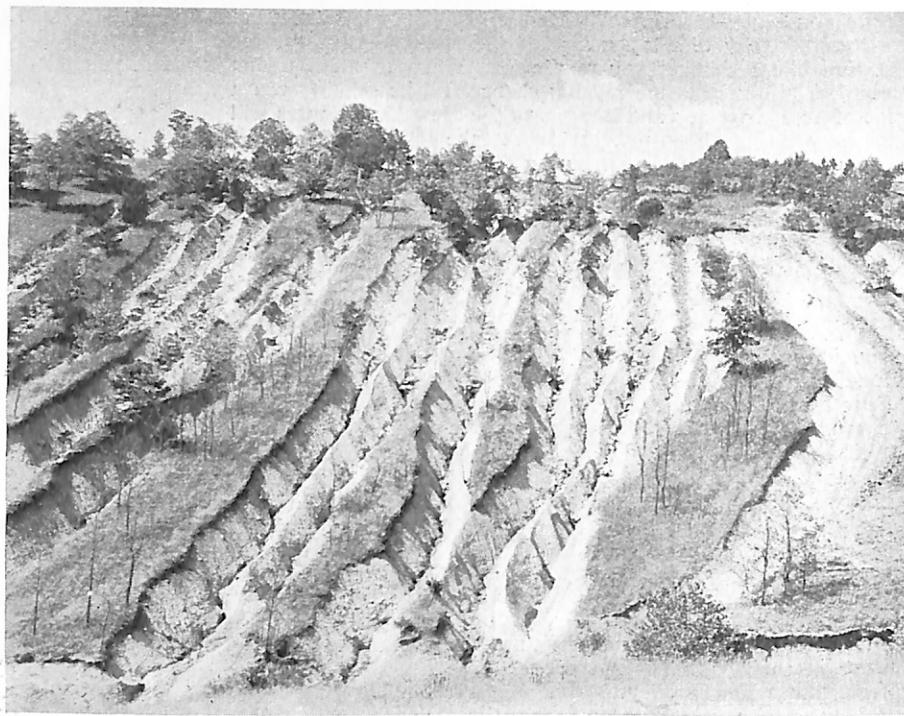
way we can hope to get some part of the money back that we've been putting out to them every week in what is jokingly called advance royalty. A newcomer doesn't stand a chance. (Continued on page 40)



He tried to get fresh and I didn't think Miss Hilton liked the idea so I slapped him down



Above, left: Norris Dam by night. One of the mighty structures that will control the flow of water in the Tennessee Valley



T.V.A.

by Talcott Powell

THE man was pointed out to me as a killer. He didn't look it. His ruddy face had the tart cheeriness of a winter crab-apple. Though he looked sixtyish, his rugged hands were competent at the plunging handles of the pneumatic rock drill with which he was moving a bit of mountain down into the Clinch River Valley to make TVA's Norris Dam. I asked this man, who had been known for years as the nemesis of all the "scabs" in the soft coal mines of the Appalachian Plateau, if he found his work as interesting as his former career of mountain feudist.

"I never want to see a coal mine again," he grinned. "They treat you right down here. It's no use to try to do right up there in the mining region, because whether you do or not, if they have anything agin you, they hang something on you."

Back in the fall of 1933, only a few months after Congress had authorized the Tennessee Valley Authority, three mining towns on the lip of the Valley were torn with a desperate social struggle. Mine tipples had been burned; a railroad trestle was dynamited and only the presence of the National Guard prevented serious bloodshed. The bitterness increased as the striking miners watched their families starving. TVA was not primarily interested in the issue of the strike, but it was interested in the festering social sore which industrial strife had made of this mountain community. It alleviated the distress by the simple expedient of hiring one hundred of the strikers and putting them to work at 45 cents an hour. Wages in TVA run from this figure for unskilled to \$1.10 for skilled labor. Disorder ceased when money began to flow back into the town. The feudist with the pneumatic drill was one of these men.

This act typifies the underlying principles of TVA. Its four million dollar a month budget, its gigantic dams, its Herculean struggle to control a whole river and its tributaries, are all aimed at bringing an economy of abundance to the

American people. Those at its head believe that this goal can be approached only through an enlightened and unselfish capitalism. In fact, capitalism is the only "ism" which one hears anything about in the Tennessee Valley.

"We don't need any of those foreign ideas like Communism and Fascism," said a steel worker to me on a recent visit to TVA. "Us Americans can solve our own problems in our own way."

But the stand-pat type of Conservative with the reinforced concrete brain pan finds no sanctuary for his notions in TVA. The workers laugh at the "status quo" as a way of life. They are too busy dealing with the great and compelling forces of ever-changing nature to believe for one instant that life can be held at a given point in suspended animation.

Neither does the fulminating Radical find any opportunities for soap-box forensics among the TVA people. To them, he is preaching a fallacy when he talks of the American proletariat. There can be no proletariat, one is told, when a nation is made up of people who want to own their own homes, their own businesses and drive their own cars.

What is really going on in the Tennessee Valley is a vast laboratory experiment by which it is hoped that some means will be found for bringing the forces of nature and its resources into companionship with the desires of human beings who have been bound—temporarily, TVA hopes—to the wheel of an industrial civilization.

What are the materials that are going into this gigantic test tube? First, there are the inanimate things: the 40,000 square miles that make up the Tennessee Valley; the rainfall of from 40 to 50 inches a year; the 40 essential minerals that lie in the mountains to the northeast; the climate that ranges all the way from that of the Great Lakes to semi-tropical; the lush loam of Middle Tennessee; the exhausted lands to the South where cotton and corn have literally mined the soil



Photographs for this article by the author and the Indianapolis Times

Right on the opposite page, and above at left: *Water, uncontrolled is no friend to man. Without proper restraint it runs rampant, and brings floods and destruction. Here are two views of the same hillside. The picture at left shows what mere rain can do. Directly above shows how the T.V.A. workers are reclaiming this land, and checking erosion. In the circle: Modern, well equipped cinder block houses, like this, have been built for the workers in the T.V.A. town of Norris, Tenn. At right: Another view of Norris Dam, on the Clinch River. These great dams will eventually make possible the production of electric power for the rejuvenated region. Right Center: A group of farmers of the Tennessee Valley listening to a talk on the effect of terracing, sponsored by the University of Virginia, the County Agent, and the T.V.A.*

of its vital elements. But it is the human material that counts most in the experiment.

The Tennessee River flows through portions of seven states. In the Valley proper live 2,000,000 people. Of these 2,000,000, nearly 1,000,000 have cash incomes of \$100 a year or less, according to TVA surveys.

These 1,000,000, who live little better than Chinese coolies, are victims of the sick bituminous coal industry in the mountains—an industry which, to make money, must sell 700,000,000 tons a year and which is now selling less than 500,000,000 tons. They are also the pawns of a cotton economy in the South where, if the price of this commodity falls below 12c, everybody from land-owner to share-cropper loses money.

The answer, says TVA, lies in finding new uses for coal as a raw material. This can be done only by furnishing cheap electricity to set up an electro-chemical industry for the manufacture of dyes, drugs and a host of other articles from bituminous coal. Southern agriculture must abandon its obsession about cotton and turn those tired lands back to pasture and other crops. If the South will not do this, America must face the fact that its Southerners who work the land will, perforce, live on wages equal to the pittances paid in the new cotton fields of South America, Africa, Russia and French Indo-China.

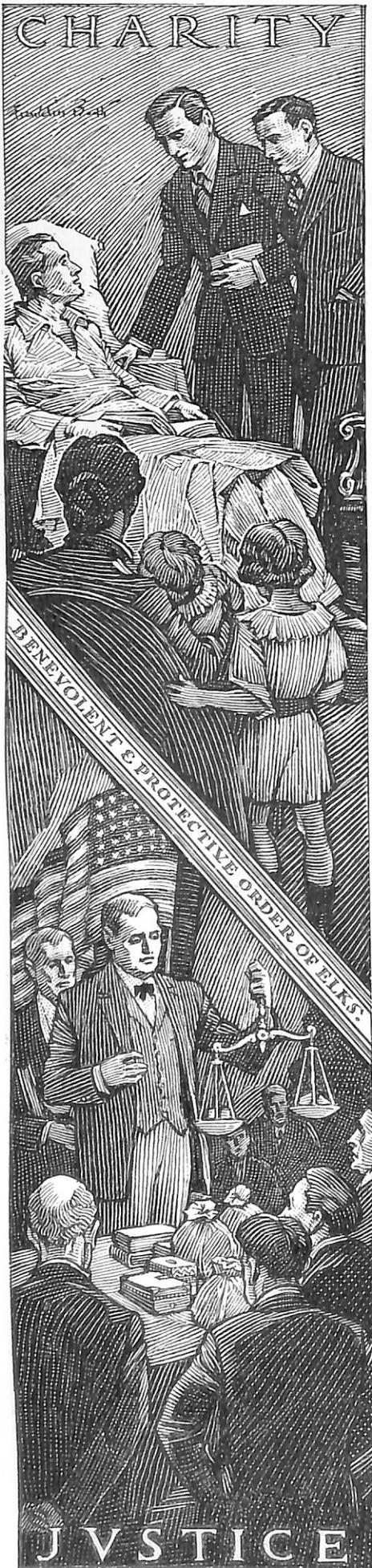
TVA says that even though Americans were willing to exist in the manner of the forced workers of the Soviets or of the Orientals of Indo-China, it would not be advisable to have such a group of people living in the United States.

Here, then, are the physical and human materials which are going into the great test tube.

The technicians who are in (Continued on page 51)



Above. A badly eroded hillside before the C.C.C. work began. When areas are deforested and water uncontrolled, this is what farmers can expect. Naturally, such land is totally unproductive.



EDITORIAL

THE COLUMBUS CONVENTION

THERE are many factors which combined to make the Convention held at Columbus in July an outstanding one. The large registration of Grand Lodge members, the largest in attendance for a number of years; the splendidly attended and admirably conducted public meeting which preceded the business session of the Grand Lodge; the sustained interest of the delegates and members in those sessions; the colorful parade, impressive both in character and number of participating units; the elaborate decorations along the principal streets of the City; and the large number of Elk visitors—all these contributed to make the Convention a great fraternal event.

But another very important feature which added materially to its success, as well as to its pleasures, was the spirit of appreciative welcome which was manifest on every hand, and which was repeatedly expressed in the editorial columns of the local press.

The following, from the Columbus *Dispatch*, is typical of such editorial comments:

"The B. P. O. E., more commonly known as the Elks, is one of the outstanding fraternal groups of modern times. . . . They are good, solid, average Americans, with whom you and I like to play golf, do business, eat lunch and visit at home."

In such an atmosphere the Convention, with its own inherent elements of earnestness, enthusiasm and harmony, was assured of success. With all its interesting incidents it will be recalled among the best ever held by the Order.

ANOTHER OBJECTIVE ATTAINED

Tis gratifying to note from the annual report of Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon, presented to the Grand Lodge at Columbus, that the Order's campaign, under his direction, against un-American activities, had quite satisfactorily achieved its purpose. Evidences collected from all sections of the country give proof that the people generally had been aroused to a definite and watchful interest in the subject.

Numerous curative and protective acts by legislative bodies and institutional authorities are directly traceable to the Order's activities during the year.

The menace arising from the subversive purposes of the enemies of our form of government has not been entirely removed, of course. It still exists and must be constantly guarded against. But the danger is reduced to a minimum so long as true Americans remain watchful and alert to note its manifestations, and to oppose its purposes with promptness and aggressive vigor.

Under Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon's splendid leadership the Order has performed another outstanding patriotic service to our Country.

FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY LODGES DID

THE question of membership is always an important one for any organization. While numbers alone do not mean success, nor even progress, it is true that they are indicative of activity; they do mean an enlarged capacity; they do provide more available funds with which to prosecute objectives. Increased membership is, therefore, very desirable, and every reasonable effort should be made to secure it.

In the Grand Exalted Ruler's report to the Grand Lodge at Columbus attention was called to a very significant fact bearing on this subject. While the Order as a whole sustained a loss in membership during the past year,

yet approximately four hundred and fifty of the subordinate Lodges reported gains. About one-third of the total number of Lodges, located in every section of the United States, increased the numbers on their respective rolls.

It is perfectly apparent from this fact that the aggregate loss to the Order cannot be ascribed solely nor primarily to industrial conditions; else there would have been no gain in any of the Lodges, for all have been facing the same general conditions.

The trouble lies in the lack of leadership and inspired enthusiasm and determination in too many of the Lodges. Four hundred and fifty Lodges have shown what can be done when a real purpose has been courageously pursued.

It is but to repeat a truism to say that the Order of Elks is founded upon principles which appeal to good men. It is performing services which all such men must acclaim and in which they would like to share. The opportunity for such participation needs only to be presented in an appropriate way to win thousands to our ranks.

Every Elk ought to be sufficiently enthusiastic about his membership, its privileges, advantages and pleasures, to wish to share them with others who are worthy, and to be willing to seek such others as fraternal associates. Most Elks would make this effort if they were inspired and enthused by their Lodge leaders.

That is the only way to solve this particular problem. Four hundred and fifty Lodges did it last year. Fourteen hundred Lodges can do it, and should do it, this current year.

HITCH HIKING

THE custom of hitch hiking, of soliciting free transportation in automobiles traveling in the desired direction, is one peculiar to this country. It was born in part of the generous disposition of auto drivers and in part of the readiness of foot travelers to impose upon that disposition, eventually to take it for granted almost as a matter of right.

The habit of hikers along the highways to solicit rides soon became a nuisance to autoists. One could go but a short distance on any main artery of travel before some pedestrian on the side of the road would give the well known thumb signal as a request for a lift.

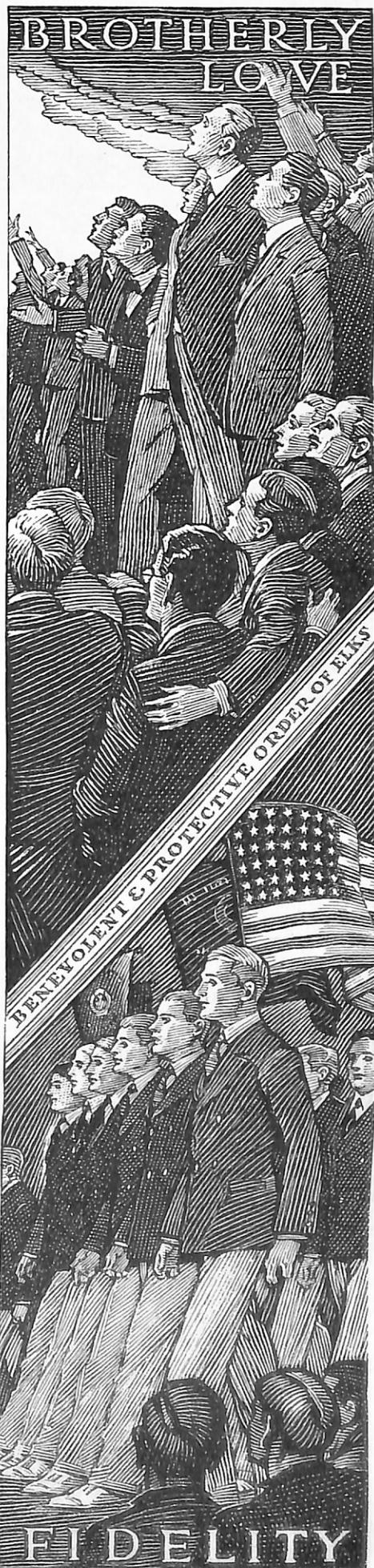
It would have been bad enough if the nuisance feature had been its only objection. But the criminal element soon discovered in the practice inviting opportunities for victimizing the unwary. It became a favorite trick of such people to assume the appearance of physical disability, thus presenting a peculiar appeal to the sympathy of drivers. Theft, robbery, assault and even murder, have become all too frequent incidents of the kindly acts of autoists in taking such strangers into their cars. To the nuisance feature was thus added the real menace to safety and to life itself.

In a number of states the unfortunate, and often tragic, experiences of trusting autoists have led to the enactment of laws making it a criminal offense to solicit free rides from strangers, and in some states it is a like offense for a driver to pick up a strange hitch hiker. These laws are eminently wise. They should be enacted in every state and should be faithfully observed by drivers and rigidly enforced by officials.

In one aspect this may seem a selfish and ungenerous attitude. A kindly person with room in his car naturally feels like giving a lift to a fellow who is painfully plodding afoot along the same highway. But for one's own protection, as well as for the protection of others less able to care for themselves against criminals, the example should be set of ignoring the thumbed solicitations of strangers.

The American Automobile Association, in recognition of the real dangers involved in the practice, has issued a warning to its members, urging them to discourage hitch hiking in every possible way, not only for their own protection but as a service to the motoring public generally.

That warning is worthy of the widest circulation among automobile drivers. It is commended to every reader of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.





The impressive reception which welcomed the Good Will Tour Ambassadors before the State House at Denver, Colo., included among the many prominent Elks present, Governor Edward C. Johnson

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

New Lodge Instituted at Panama City, Fla.

In the presence of more than 350 Elks from all over the State, Panama City, Fla., Lodge, No. 1598, was instituted by D.D. M. E. Welborn of Ocala on July 8. Prior to the meeting, a parade, led by the band from Marianna Lodge, No. 1516, formed at the Dixie-Sherman Hotel and marched through the business section of Panama City to the St. Andrews Yacht Club building where the event was held.

Headed by C. C. Gordon as E.R., the Ritualistic Team of Tallahassee Lodge, No. 937, winner, for the third consecutive year, of the State Ritualistic Contest at the 1935 Convention of the Fla. State Elks Assn., took charge of the initiation into the new Lodge of a class of 61 candidates. The principal speakers of the evening were Grand Trustee David Sholtz, Governor of Florida; D.D. Caspian Hale, immediate Past Pres. of the State Assn.; M. E. Welborn, at that time D.D. for Fla. North, and P.D.D. Sol Friedman of Quincy. The Florida Lodges represented were Lake City, Tallahassee, Pensacola, Jacksonville, Quincy, Marianna, De Land, New Smyrna, Fort Lauderdale and Ocala.

Nearly 1,000 sandwiches were served during the festivities at the Yacht Club and an informal spirit of friendliness prevailed. The officers and members have gone to work in earnest to make their Lodge one of the best, and a successful future is predicted. J. G. Mathis is the Exalted Ruler, and Casper E. Harris is the Secretary.

M. E. Welborn, P.D.D.

Livingston, Mont., Lodge Honors Veteran Members

Livingston, Mont., Lodge, No. 246, held a meeting recently that was a celebration in honor of those members who had been affiliated with the Lodge for 25 or more consecutive years. An interesting feature of the evening was the installation of the new officers by retiring E.R. Joseph Brooks who, in the years that he has been a member of No. 246, has served four terms as Exalted Ruler. The meeting was then turned over to P.D.D. Arnold Huppert, Secy. of Livingston Lodge.

In a brief but interesting talk, Mr. Huppert went back to the year 1892 when Livingston Lodge received its charter, and gave a review of the Lodge's history. He then introduced J. C. Vilas who is member No. 1 on the roster. Mr. Vilas has been affiliated with No. 246 for 43 consecutive years and served as Treasurer for 35 years. He is the Lodge's only living charter member.

At the conclusion of Mr. Vilas's remarks, each of the 33 guests of honor was presented with a wallet and card case on which

is inscribed with gold leaf letters the recipient's name, his Lodge affiliation and the fact that he is one of the 25-year honor members.

Arnold Huppert, Secy.

Arizona State Elks Association Distributes Hospital Booklets

At the Grand Lodge Convention held in Columbus, O., in July, the Arizona State Elks Assn. distributed approximately 1,500 booklets describing the Arizona State Elks Tubercular Hospital in Tucson. The booklets are complete with a number of pictures of the institution, together with an explanation of the operation of the hospital, charges to patients, their care and other information of value to persons unacquainted with the project.

The Association announces that any one wishing to secure a copy of the booklet may obtain one by writing to Frank A. Michel, Secy. of the Ariz. State Elks Assn., Box 2150, Tucson, Ariz.

Dallas, Tex., Lodge, Announces Marriage of Alloah Dallas Elk

The officers and members of Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71, announce the marriage of their young protege, Miss Alloah Dallas Elk, to William Parks of Chicago, Ill. The ceremony took place in Chicago on July 19 at St. Ita's Catholic Church, where Mr. Parks has officiated as organist for the past seven years. The young man is a protege of Monsignor C. J. Quille, pastor of the Church. Both Mr. and Mrs. Parks have been blind from birth.

Mrs. Parks was adopted by Dallas Lodge when she was but a few weeks old. For 26 years the Lodge has given her the best of care and has spent many thousands of dollars on her education. She attended the School for the Blind in Austin, Tex., where she finished with high honors several years ago. It was there that she first met Mr.

Parks. She later graduated from Ursuline College in Dallas, and Incarnate Word College in San Antonio. The mastering of three languages is listed among her accomplishments. Besides being a fine violinist, the young lady is equally proficient at the piano and pipe organ. She has given many piano recitals in Dallas and in other cities in the State, and her name has appeared on many radio programs.

"Dallas Elk" was the name bestowed upon Mrs. Parks when, as an infant, she became the ward of Dallas Lodge. Several years ago she expressed a great admiration for the name "Alloah" and desiring, as usual, to please the young girl who had so long held first place in the hearts of all Dallas Elks, the Lodge had the additional name confirmed in Court. As Alloah Dallas Elk, she was married to Mr. Parks at the close of the Elks National Convention in Columbus.

The young lady was introduced to the Grand Lodge at the Convention to which she was accompanied by several members of Dallas Lodge and their wives. Before leaving on the trip, a shower was given for her in the Lodge Home by the Dallas Elks and their ladies.

Mr. Parks was born in Texas, and is 30 years old. At the age of 17 he made his way to Chicago, seeking a musical education. It was Father Quille who immediately became interested in him and saw to it that his genuine talent in music found guidance.

Work Progresses in Cincinnati Lodge for Elks Nat'l Bowling Tournament

Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, is already preparing for the Elks National Bowling Tournament which will be held in Cincinnati next Spring. Immediately after the closing of the last Tournament in Cicero, Ill., at which Cincinnati was granted the 1936 event, a committee began holding meet-



Some of the 1000 children recently entertained by Pontiac, Mich., Lodge at the Midsummer Festival



Bowser Studio

Ontario, Calif., Lodge recently entertained the members of Company G, of the National Guard, at a dinner in their honor, before the Company departed for war maneuvers at Guadalupe

ings, which extended throughout the entire summer, for the purpose of making arrangements for the mechanics of the Tournament and the entertainment of bowlers who will be present in the city during the months of March and April.

E.R. George F. Conver assumed leadership in getting arrangements under way. The hearty response which he has received from those requested to serve on committees reflects the keen interest felt by Cincinnati Elks. Members of No. 5 have always been active in the National Tournaments. The Lodge has been represented by as many as 25 teams and never less than 10.

It is the desire of the Executive Committee of the Cincinnati Elks Bowling League to promote the greatest Tournament held in recent years. Its aim is to make the event a real national convention of bowlers with teams from such distant points as Boston, New York, New Orleans, Denver and other cities not usually represented at a Tournament held in a mid-western city. The Committee is composed of members of No. 5 who have gained a wide experience through active participation in Elk Bowling Tournaments during the past 12 years.

The Committee presents an interesting suggestion to Elk teams on how to raise funds to defray their expenses. It advocates the payment of five or ten cents by members for each miss.

Cincinnati Lodge advises that it will not be necessary for visitors to leave the Lodge Home for entertainment. The center of interest will be within the Home—one of the most spacious and well appointed in the Order.

James S. Richardson, Secy.

Henry W. Morganthaler,
Member of Herrmann
Memorial Committee

In the report of the Grand Lodge Convention, appearing in the August, 1935, issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, an error was made in announcing the membership of a Special Committee appointed some time before to arrange for a memorial to the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann.



Richardson

The famous Elks Junior Band, of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, playing at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., on a recent visit there. The Band also appeared at the Grand Lodge Reunion in Columbus, and not long ago entertained 1,700 ex-soldiers at the Soldiers' Home in Johnson City, Tenn.

The Committee consists of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, and Henry W. Morganthaler, a prominent member and P.E.R. of Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5.

A Note of Gratitude and Appreciation to Good Will Participants

On behalf of THE ELKS MAGAZINE I take this opportunity to thank the Reception Committees, officers and members of the subordinate Lodges whose untiring and enthusiastic efforts contributed so materially in making the 1935 Elks Good Will Tour the most successful one since their inauguration seven years ago.

I regret that it is impossible to write personally to every Elk who contributed in this achievement, and therefore wish to express in these columns my appreciation of the splendid cooperation extended our Good Will Ambassadors throughout the entire Order.

Fraternally,
J. T. FANNING,
Editor and Executive Director

Prominent Indiana Elk, Judge John F. Reilly, Dies

The death of the Hon. John F. Reilly, a Past Exalted Ruler of Hammond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485, brought sorrow not only to Indiana Elks but to members throughout the Order. He died on May 27 at St. Margaret's Hospital in Hammond after a two-weeks illness. His widow, Mrs. Mary Jean Reilly, and James D. Alfred, a stepson, survive.

Judge Reilly was initiated into Hammond Lodge on Jan. 17, 1907, and was elected Exalted Ruler in 1910. In 1913 he was made an Honorary Life Member. He was a sponsor of the Hammond Plan of the Big Brother Movement, and was Chairman of

the Grand Lodge Committee covering that activity for several years. He served the Ind. State Elks Assn. as President in 1918-19.

Judge Reilly was for four years in the Alien Property Custodian office in Washington and was later associated for two years with the International Big Brother and Sister Society. He was also identified with that Society in Chicago for four years.

Funeral services were held in Hammond at All Saints Catholic Church. Burial took place in the St. John Cemetery.

Detroit, Mich., Lodge Home Closed to Communists

Through its Board of Trustees, Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, announces that communistic activities of the American Youth Congress have made that organization ineligible to use the Lodge Home. The Lodge had been approached by a restaurateur with a proposal that the largest room in the Home be used for a dining room where meals could be served to delegates during the Convention of the Congress in Detroit.

A banquet and a ball, which was expected to attract 1,000 persons, had been scheduled, and Detroit Lodge would doubtless have netted a considerable sum. The Lodge, however, declined to consider the proposition, as its policy is to forbid any organization with a red or communistic flavor the use of its Home for any purpose.

Greenville, S. C., Elks Open Refurnished Home

The refurnished Home of Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858, was recently the scene of a social event in the form of a luncheon given by the House Committee for present and former members. The Home had just been renovated and refurnished and new equipment purchased for all departments. Two private dining rooms, a dining room for ladies, the buffet and a dining room for men, are both comfortable and attractive.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge Opens Health Camp

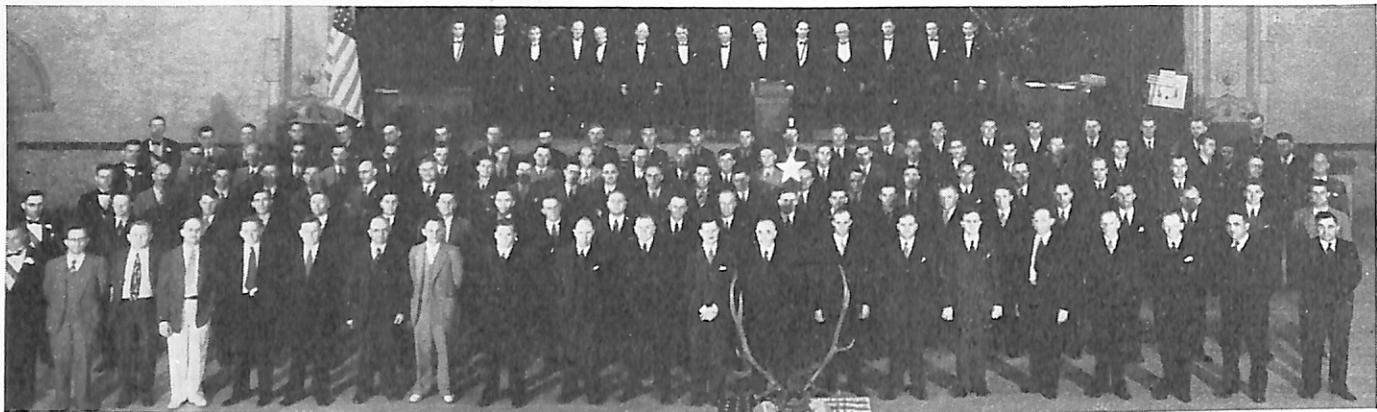
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, held the opening of its Health Camp at Freedom Plains, N. Y., not long ago, with approximately 1,000 persons from Poughkeepsie and neighboring Lodges in attendance. P.E.R. Daniel A. Kerr, of New York Lodge, Past Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., was among the many prominent Elks present.

A fine barbecue was the feature of the event, and dancing, games, airplane stunts and trapshooting were presented as entertainment. The day's proceeds were to be used to finance the expense of caring for the children using the Camp during July and August, under the auspices of the Poughkeepsie Committee on Tuberculosis.

Frank J. Doran, Secy.
(Continued on page 47)

Western Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Western Lodges



The 110 candidates who were recently initiated into Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, with the officers of the Lodge standing upon the stage behind them

Large Membership Gain in Vallejo, Calif., Lodge

To offset the loss in membership sustained the preceding year by Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, E.R. C. A. Smythe called together last April a group of approximately 40 representative members and requested them to lay plans for the replacement of lost members. Only the highest type of candidates was desired, as the policy had been adopted to receive only the applications of those who would meet with the approval of the membership in general.

Immediately an enthusiastic membership campaign was inaugurated and before the end of the month the names of 110 candidates, two applications for transfer dimits and four applications for reinstatement were received. This was all accomplished in a period of nine days of concentrated work on the part of the faithful committee.

After the election of the new Lodge officers for the ensuing year, letters were written to the candidates asking them to sign up for initiation as well as to make final payment on dues to October 1 and the balance

of the fees. All requests were complied with and the class was ready for initiation on the specified date. The meeting at which this record class was admitted was one of the most successful and enjoyable in the history of Vallejo Lodge, and many prominent visitors were present.

W. F. Parker, Secy.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge Honors Trustee G. B. Hofman

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, held an informal smoker recently in honor of George B. Hofman who had just retired from the Board of Trustees on account of ill health. Mr. Hofman served on the Board continuously for 15 years, and although he has deemed it necessary to retire from service as a Trustee, he expects to continue to devote his energies to the Lodge's welfare.

Seven hundred members and friends attended the smoker, among them being city and county officials and many prominent Utah Elks. E.R. Douglas E. Lambourne welcomed the guests, and short talks were

made by P.E.R. George H. Llewellyn, at that time D.D., and several other well known members of the Order. Through their spokesman, L. E. Browne, the members of No. 85 presented Mr. Hofman with a handsome wrist watch in recognition of the many valuable services he has rendered the Lodge. A pleasing feature of the evening was the presence of all the P.E.R.'s of No. 85 who reside in Salt Lake City. Light refreshments were served, and excellent entertainment was furnished.

Norris A. Smithen, Secy.

Glendale, Calif., Lodge Host to Newspapermen

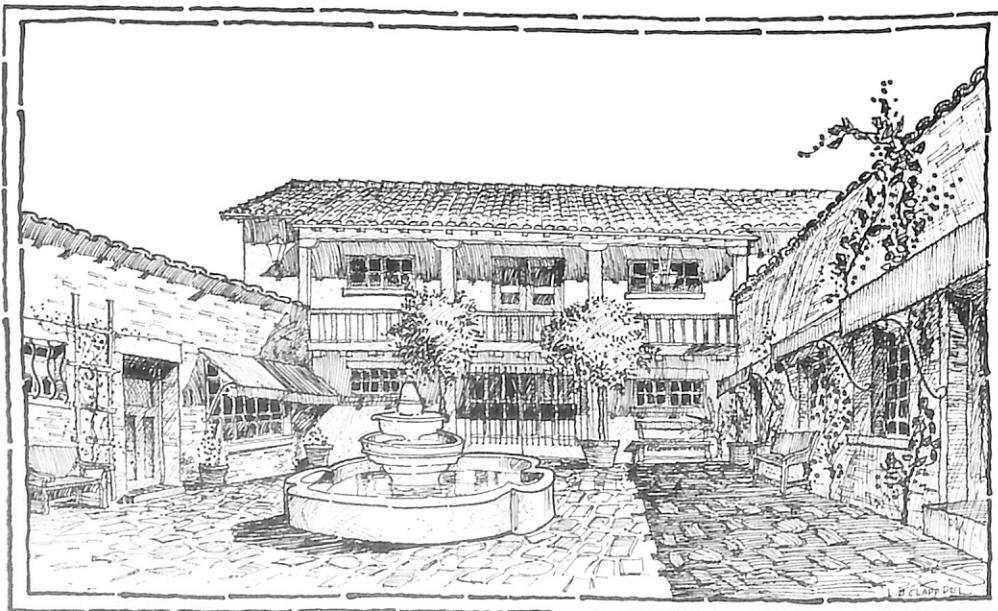
On the occasion of its Annual Press Night, Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, entertained over 300 Los Angeles and Glendale newspapermen. The program included an address by James W. Foley, Pasadena news columnist and poet. Mr. Foley is also well known as the author of several successful books and a contributor to national magazines.

More than 50 representatives of the local press attended. Among those introduced were W. S. Kellogg, General Manager, and W. S. Ingram, Editor, of the *Glendale News-Press*; and Wilfred C. West, Publisher, and Wilfred C. West, Jr., of the *Glendale Times*. The *Los Angeles Times* was represented by Ed Ainsworth, State Editor; the *Los Angeles Post-Record* by Gilbert Brown, Associate Editor, and the *Los Angeles Herald-Express* by John H. Connell of the editorial staff.

E. R. George D. Hastings welcomed the guests, and Roy N. Clayton, Publicity Chairman of Glendale Lodge, acted as Program Chairman. Six acts of vaudeville followed the speeches, and music was furnished by the Lodge orchestra.

The annual Press Night is eagerly looked forward to and always well attended. The event helps to foster good will and friendship throughout the year with all the publications in the vicinity. The newspapers acquaint the people of the community with the civic, social and fraternal work carried on by Glendale Lodge, and with the principles and purposes of the Order.

Roy N. Clayton, Correspondent



A sketch of the handsome new Home of Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, known as "La Hacienda"

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

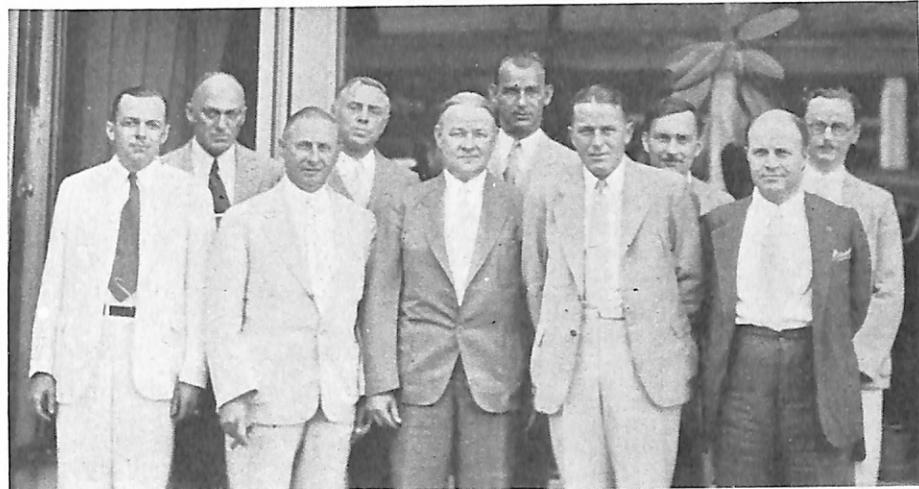
Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, recently embarked from New York on a whirlwind tour of the Southeast, Midwest and West to hold a series of conferences with his District Deputies. Judge Hallinan's first stop on his swing through the country, was at Richmond, Va. The Tour carried him as far as Butte, Mont.

The Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Richmond on July 30 where he met with the District Deputies of the Middle Atlantic Region to confer with them regarding his plans for administering the affairs of the Order during the coming year.

Judge Hallinan outlined the program and policies of his administration, and suggested a number of methods for effective cooperation by the District Deputies themselves in carrying out his program. Emphasis was laid upon the value of Lodge and inter-Lodge activities in maintaining the present membership and at the same time attracting new members. He also called attention to the two National Classes to be initiated during the year. They are the Joseph T. Fanning Class, to be inducted into the Order on Thursday, November 14, and the Grand Exalted Ruler's Class in February. The conference ended with a round table discussion of problems and methods of Lodge administration.

The District Deputies present at the meeting included Benjamin T. Pitts, Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge, No. 875; C. Harold Owen, Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321; L. H. Trulove, Wilmington, N. C., Lodge, No. 532; Henry M. Durham, Greensboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 602; C. Vernon Hines, Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 72, and John E. Lynch, Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15—D.D. for Md., Del. and D. C. Others attending the Richmond meeting were: Theodore J. Groh, of Queens Borough Lodge, who was Judge Hallinan's traveling companion on his trip; George E. Strong, of Washington Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Philip U. Gayaut, of Washington Lodge, a Trustee of the Md., Del. and D. C. State Elks Assn., and John C. Garrett of Wilmington, N. C., Lodge, No. 532.

On the following day, Wednesday, July 31, Atlanta, Ga., was host to Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan and District Deputies from



The Grand Exalted Ruler and distinguished Elks on the occasion of Judge Hallinan's visit to Richmond, Va. They are, left to right, front row: D.D.'s C. Harold Owen, of Virginia, and Henry M. Durham, of North Carolina; Judge Hallinan; D.D. L. H. Trulove, of North Carolina; George E. Strong, Washington Lodge Member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Back row, left to right, are: John C. Garrett, Wilmington, N. C.; Theodore J. Groh, Judge Hallinan's companion from Queens Borough Lodge; and D.D.'s Benjamin T. Pitts, of Virginia; C. Vernon Hines, of Tennessee, and John E. Lynch, of Md., Del., and D. C.

Alabama, Florida, South Carolina and Georgia.

Judge Hallinan met with the District Deputies at the Biltmore Hotel for a luncheon-conference. Attending the meeting were D.D.'s George M. Thompson, Charleston, S. C., Lodge, No. 242; C. L. Haley, Jr., Florence, Ala., Lodge, No. 820; J. Bush, Athens, Ga., Lodge, No. 790; George W. Upchurch, Savannah, Ga., Lodge, No. 183; G. M. Austin, Arcadia, Fla., Lodge, No. 1524; Caspian Hale, New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, and M. Frank O'Brien, Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221; John S. McClelland, of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; Secy.-Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds, Atlanta Lodge, Vice-Pres. George W. Crawford, Fitzgerald, Ga., Lodge, No. 1036, and Past Pres. J. Gordon Hardy, Atlanta Lodge, all of the Ga. State Elks Assn.; and Frank M. Robertson, E.R., and

J. Clayton Burke, Secy., of Atlanta Lodge. Daniel J. Kelly, of Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Distribution at the Columbus Convention, was in the delegation that met Judge Hallinan at the railroad station.

The Grand Exalted Ruler paused in the busy schedule planned for him in Atlanta to place a wreath upon the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, who was a P.E.R. of Atlanta Lodge and one of the South's most beloved Elks. The ceremony took place at Oakland Cemetery.

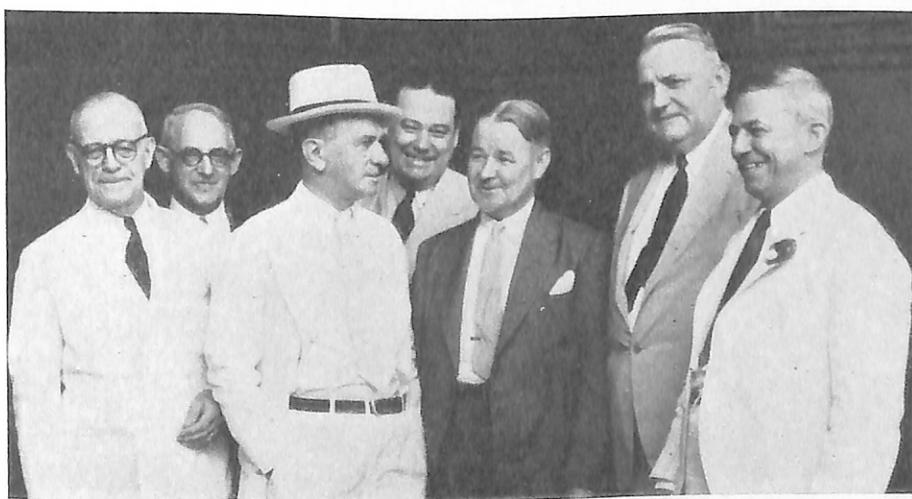
Judge Hallinan left Atlanta that night for New Orleans where he was to officiate at the installation of the new Lodge.

Meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler at the New Orleans railroad station the next day were the following distinguished Elks: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Edward Rightor and Col. John P. Sullivan, D.D. Sidney A. Freudenstein, P.D.D. Waldo M. Pitkin and Charles C. Farrell, all P.E.R.'s of New Orleans Lodge, and D.D. A. J. Manhein of Shreveport, La., Lodge, No. 122. Judge Hallinan was escorted to the Charles Hotel, where he conferred with the District Deputies of Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi.

That night Judge Hallinan saw New Orleans Lodge, No. 30, formally installed in its new quarters at 705 Common Street. The Lodge, which has been reorganized under a new charter, was given the same name as that of the old Lodge—New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30. Approximately 300 old members form the nucleus of the new membership. Judge Hallinan presided over the election of officers and the initiation of a class of 17 candidates. Col. Sullivan was elected Exalted Ruler, and P.D.D. Abe Abrahamsen was made Secretary. After the ceremonies the Grand Exalted Ruler left New Orleans for Dallas, Tex.

On Friday, August 2, Judge Hallinan arrived in Dallas where he was proudly acclaimed by the membership of the Lodge and many distinguished Texas Elks. District Deputies of the Southwest Region met with him for a one-day conference to plan the method of carrying out his policies and to discuss the affairs of the Order.

(Continued on page 50)



When Judge Hallinan reached New Orleans he was met at the station by the above present and past officials: Past District Deputy Waldo M. Pitkin; District Deputy A. J. Manhein; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor; Past Exalted Ruler C. C. Farrell; Colonel John P. Sullivan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Exalted Ruler of New Orleans Lodge; and District Deputy Sidney A. Freudenstein

News of the State Associations

Washington

THE Washington State Elks Association held its 32nd Annual Convention at Walla Walla on June 13, 14 and 15. The meeting was highly successful with a registration in excess of 600. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier of Seattle was the principal speaker at the sessions in the Lodge room of Walla Walla Lodge, No. 287, and also at a public gathering held at the Marcus Whitman Hotel.

Several bands, drum corps and hill-billy orchestras were in attendance. The outstanding feature of the Convention was the Flag Day Service held by all the Lodges represented, each Lodge participating in one Flag Day Ritualistic Service at the Capitol Theatre. The theatre was crowded to capacity. The meeting place of next year's Convention was hotly contested for by Bellingham Lodge, No. 194, and Port Angeles, "Naval," Lodge, No. 353, Port Angeles being selected.

Officers who will serve the Association in 1935-36 are: Pres., Emory B. Linsley, Aberdeen; 1st Vice-Pres., Harry O. Bohlke,



Parade of Indiana State Association Elks, at Terre Haute, Ind.

O'Brien of Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98, former Secy. of the Iowa State Elks Assn.; Mayor P. M. Rensvold of Madison, and the Rev. L. A. McDonald. Musical selections were rendered by the quartet from Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge, No. 262, and the band from Watertown Lodge.

voted to support the work of the Board during the coming year. It was revealed that during the 25 years of existence of the S. D. State Elks Assn., \$228,000 had been spent for charity by the South Dakota Lodges.

In addition to the business session on Monday, contests were participated in by the various Ritualistic Teams, Bands and Drum Corps. The winners of all the contests, who were announced that evening at the Convention Ball and presented with trophies, were as follows: Ritualistic, Aberdeen Lodge, No. 1048; Band Contest, Golf and Tennis Tournaments and Vocal Contest, Sioux Falls Lodge; Trapshtooting, Watertown Lodge; Kittenball Match, Madison Lodge; Drum Corps Contest, the Howard, S. D., Fire Dept. Boys and Girls Drum and Bugle Corps. The Bridge Tournament resulted in the victories of Madison Lodge—East and West—and Sioux Falls Lodge—North and South.

Memorial services were held after the business session with Past State Pres. Robert B. Meldrum presiding.

A parade was held at 1:30 P.M. through the principal streets of Madison, followed by the initiation of a class of 29 candidates in the Pavilion on the shore at Lake Herman. The ceremony was performed by the officers of Aberdeen Lodge who were the winners of the Ritualistic Contest. Later a dutch lunch was served. The Purple Guard of Aberdeen Lodge performed in the evening to the accompaniment of the massed bands of Sioux Falls and Madison Lodges. Concerts by the two bands were held afterward.

(Continued on page 49)



The presentation of a gold loving cup, by Col. James A. Diskin, to the owner of Late Date, winning horse of the Elks Handicap, at the Kentucky State Elks Association convention in Louisville. At extreme left is C. B. Truesdell, D.D.; at right D. D. Arnold Westermann

Yakima; 2nd Vice-Pres., H. Sanford Sauri, Port Townsend; 3rd Vice-Pres., Dr. V. N. Christiansen, Longview; Secy., Earl B. Hunt, Aberdeen; Treas., G. Ed Rothweiler, Bellingham. Appointees are Sergeant-at-Arms, A. L. Remlinger, Aberdeen, and Chaplain, the Rev. T. A. Hilton, Seattle.

Earl B. Hunt, State Secy.

South Dakota

THE South Dakota State Elks Association held its 25th Annual Convention in Madison on Sunday and Monday, June 9-10. Representatives from 10 of the 11 Lodges in the State attended, the total registration numbering 560. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland was present with a delegation from his Lodge, Watertown, No. 838. Madison, S. D., Lodge, No. 1442, was host to the delegates and visitors.

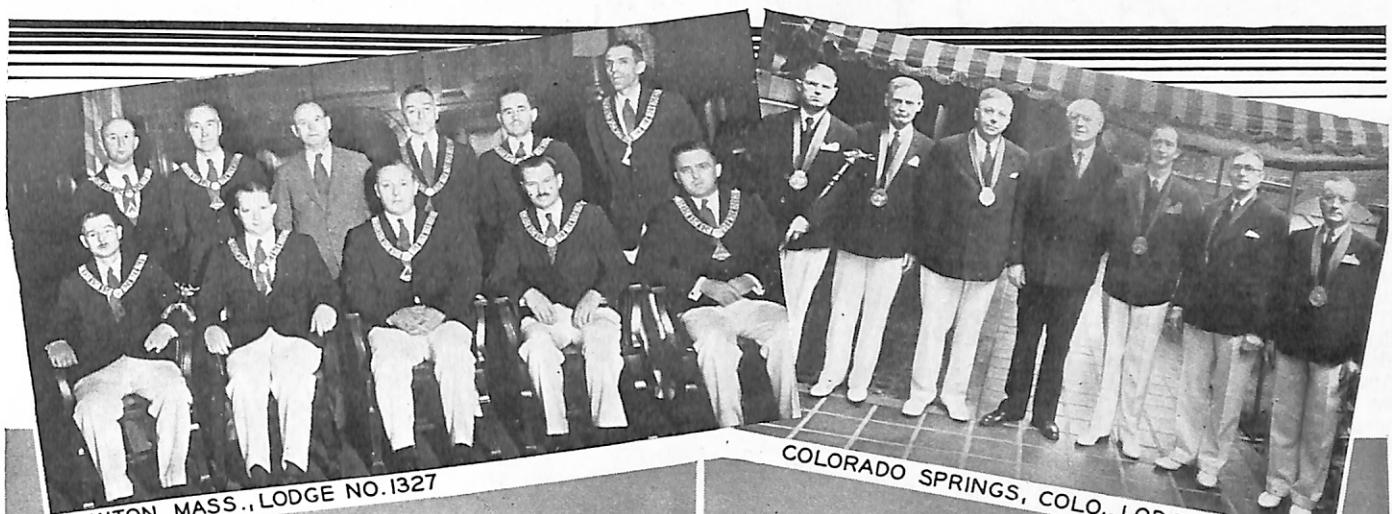
The Convention opened on Sunday morning with a series of contests. In the evening there were concerts by the bands of Huron Lodge, No. 444, and Watertown Lodge, followed by public opening exercises in the Garden Theatre on the campus of the Eastern State Teachers College before an audience numbering approximately 6,000 people. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Clyde E. Jones, of Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge, No. 347, was the principal speaker. He was introduced to the audience by Mr. McFarland. Others who delivered addresses were Pres. Milton E. Dowdell of the S. D. State Elks Assn.; E. R. Fred Habeger of Madison Lodge; James

Among the reports read at the business session on Monday morning was that of the State Board of Health, announcing the results of the crippled children work carried on by the Board with the money appropriated by the State Assn. The Convention



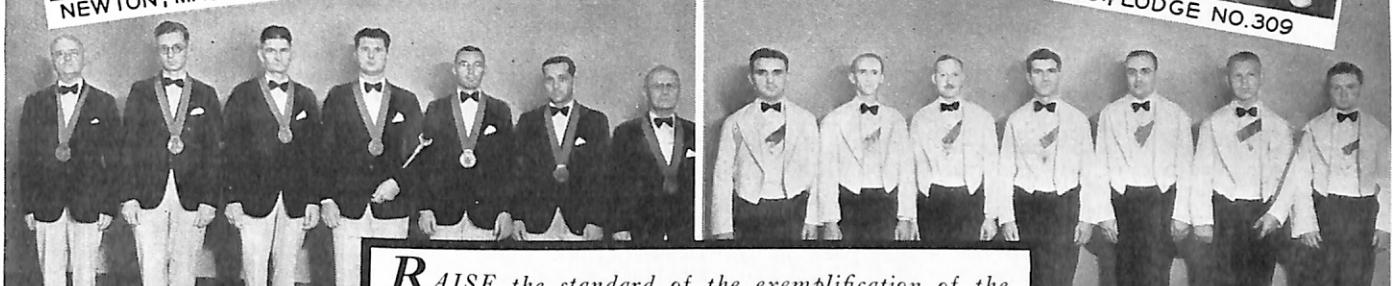
Flathead Lake, the setting of the Montana State Elks Association Convention, viewed from the State Elks Camp

Participants in the National Ritualistic Contest

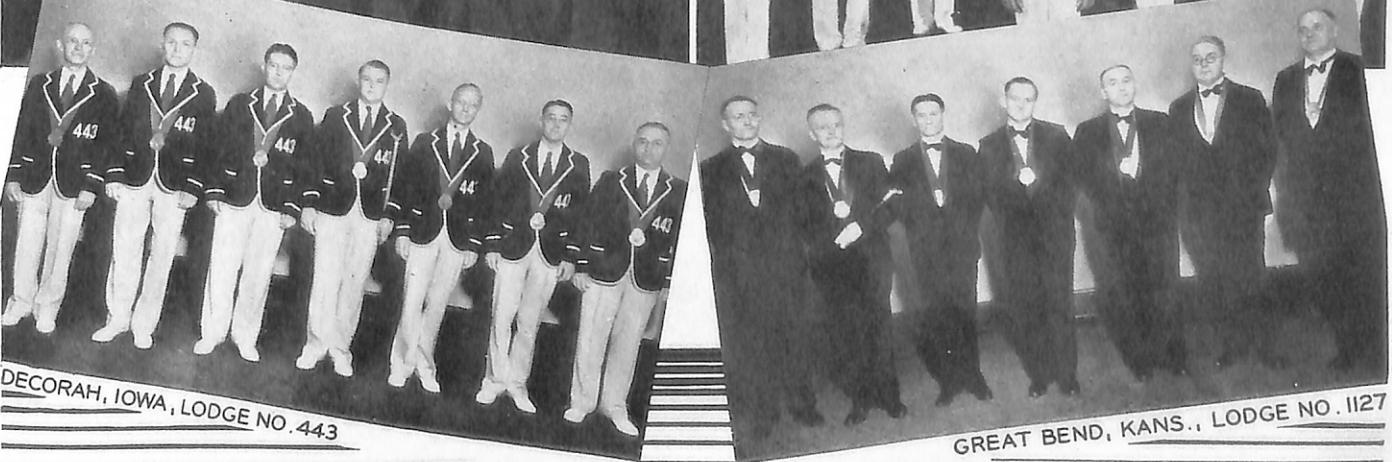
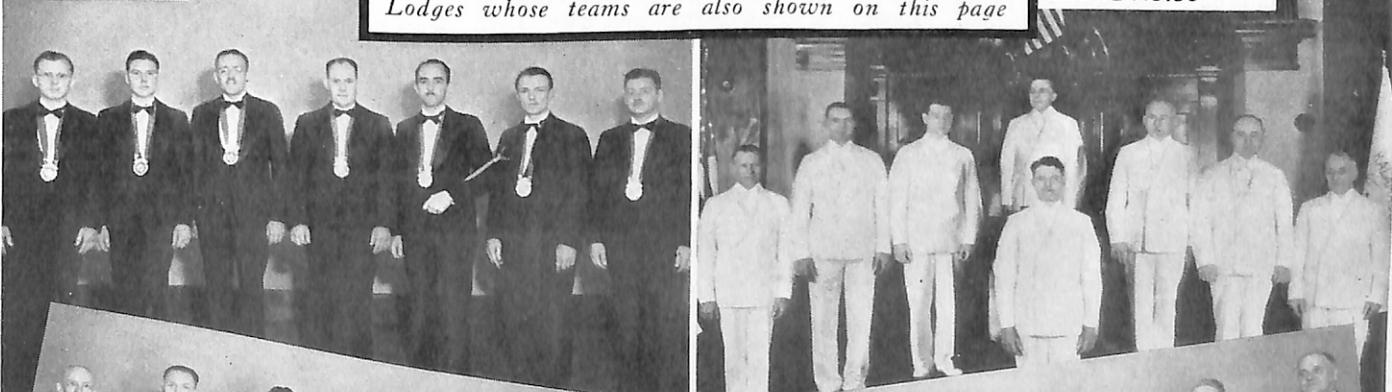


NEWTON, MASS., LODGE NO. 1327

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., LODGE NO. 309

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.
LODGE NO. 937
NEWARK, OHIO
LODGE NO. 391

RAISE the standard of the exemplification of the Elks Ritual in a Lodge, and you increase the vitality and activity of that Lodge. Never is a proficient ritualistic team found in a Lodge not thoroughly alive. The records of Newton, Mass., Lodge, whose team again won the National Ritualistic Contest this year, give ample proof of this, as do those of the other Lodges whose teams are also shown on this page

MONMOUTH, ILL.
LODGE NO. 397
KALAMAZOO, MICH.
LODGE NO. 50

DECORAH, IOWA, LODGE NO. 443

GREAT BEND, KANS., LODGE NO. 1127

The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

THE traditional color, the pomp and circumstance, customarily attendant upon a Grand Lodge Reunion, were greatly augmented by the variety and quantity of social events, amusements and diversions offered the officials, delegates and visitors at the Seventy-First Grand Lodge Convention held at Columbus, O., in July.

Resplendent in royal purple and white, flag-decked Columbus greeted Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles, Calif., on Friday, July 12. Walking under a row of flags held aloft by Boy Scouts, the Grand Exalted Ruler was ushered into the city. He was received at the railroad station by E.R. Paul M. Herbert of Columbus Lodge, No. 37, his staff of officers, P.E.R. Robert T. Oestreicher, Chairman of the Columbus Lodge Convention Committee, and Secy. C. W. Wallace. A large crowd had assembled to join in the welcome and many of the Elks present were accompanied by their ladies.

Mr. Shannon was taken down High Street to the booming of a cannon mounted on a motor car in advance of the procession of purple and white trimmed automobiles that formed his entourage. He was escorted by Elk and city officials, a band, the uniformed Elks Patrol of Columbus Lodge and a Boy Scout Troop, to the Deshler-Wallick Hotel which was to be his official home during his stay in the convention city.

From the moment of Mr. Shannon's arrival a continuous stream of Grand Lodge officials, Committeemen, District Deputies, Representatives, Delegates, Alternates and members poured into the city. The Home of Columbus Lodge, at 256 East Broad Street, was open to all comers during the entire week, and no effort was spared to assure their comfort, convenience and entertainment.

Many events of a bewildering variety had been arranged by Elks and city officials, and special attention had been given plans for entertaining the ladies. Among them were sightseeing and shopping tours, band concerts, carnivals, lectures, card parties and teas. Visits were made to the famous Gal-



A view of the Parade as it passed up one of the wide streets of Columbus

lery of Fine Arts and many attended the athletic events. One of the most enjoyable of the social engagements was the tea given for the ladies at the Governor's mansion.

On the Saturday after the arrival of the Grand Exalted Ruler an all-day Open House Reception was held at the handsome Home of Columbus Lodge. In the afternoon the registration of Grand Lodge officials took place at the Deshler-Wallick Hotel, where Grand Lodge Headquarters had been established. Many committee conferences were also in progress on that day. In the evening a band concert was given and dancing and entertainment were offered in the Sunken Garden of the Home of Columbus Lodge.

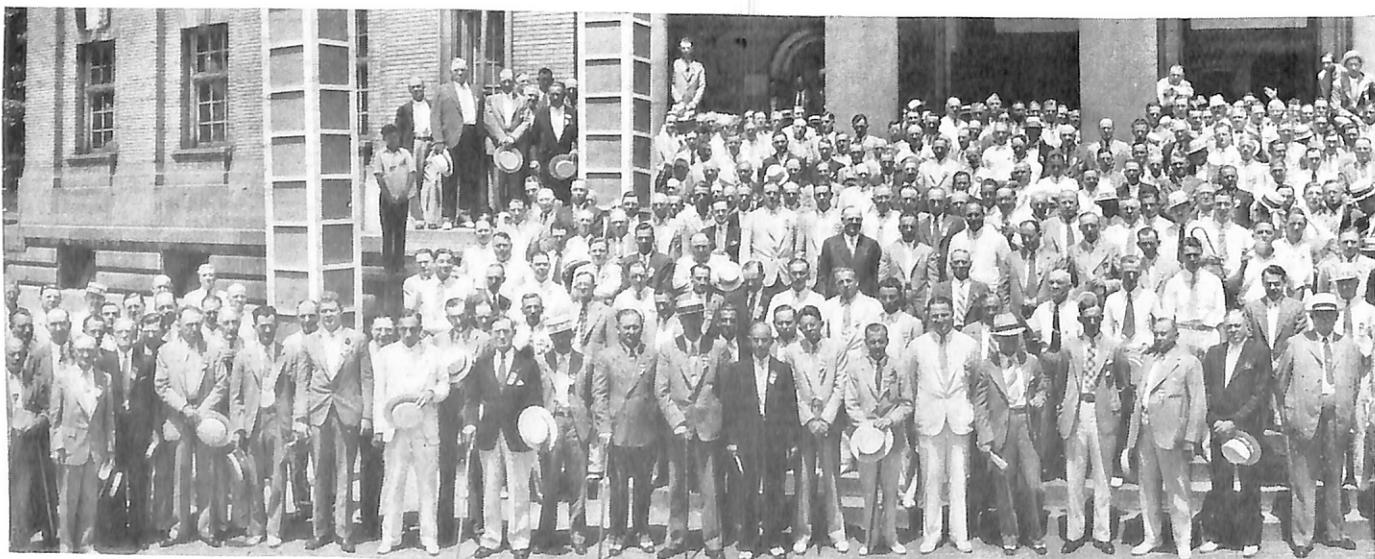
On Sunday, July 14, special services were held in churches of all denominations. The Rev. Arthur O. Sykes, Grand Chaplain, preached at the Central Presbyterian Church. At St. Joseph's Cathedral, next door to the Lodge Home, six masses were celebrated. Meanwhile registration of Elks and their families went on at the Lodge Home and delegations from Subordinate Lodges, arriving in force, were being welcomed at the railroad station by reception committees.

An important event in the afternoon was the reception to the drivers and entertainers

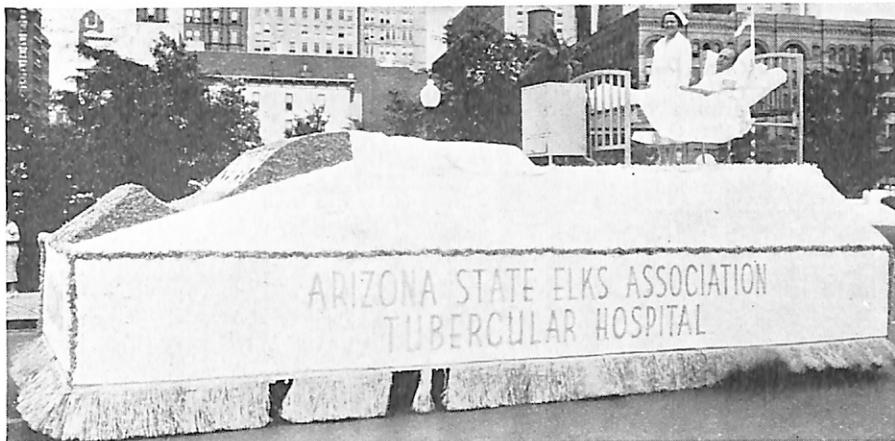
of *The Elks Magazine* Good Will Tour cars held at the Lodge Home. The Tour drivers arrived tired but happy after completing their 30,000-mile tour of the United States on strict schedule. They were enthusiastically greeted and warmly congratulated on the success of this year's Tour.

The Fiftieth Birthday of Columbus Lodge was celebrated that night with a Golden Anniversary Banquet in the Lodge Home. Many distinguished members of the Order, including the Past Grand Exalted Rulers present in Columbus for the Convention, Grand Lodge officers and prominent members of the local Lodge, were present. Two of the charter members of Columbus Lodge also attended. Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, was represented by a delegation. Marion Lodge officiated at the institution of Columbus Lodge 50 years ago.

During the first two days of Convention week much took place in the way of athletic entertainment. On Saturday there was a baseball game between the Kansas City team and the Columbus Red Birds at the new Red Bird Stadium, one of the finest ball parks in the country. Bathing was enjoyed at various swimming pools and sail boats were raced above the O'Shaughnessy Dam on the Scioto River and at Buckeye Lake.



A large group of members and delegates to the Grand Lodge Reunion, at Columbus, Ohio.



The float of the Arizona State Elks Association, symbolic of the State Elks' admirable hospital work

Polo games at Harbor Hills were among the features of the day's program which also included a sightseeing tour about Columbus and the surrounding country.

On Monday, July 15, the Elks National Realistic Contest was held in the Lodge room of the Columbus Lodge Home. As reported in last month's issue, the Contest was won by Newton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1327. Newton Lodge was granted permanent possession of the handsome trophy presented by Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, and the Florida State Elks Assn., having won the the Contest three years in succession. The Newton Team was declared the greatest of all time.

OTHER important activities included the opening of the Sixth Elks National Golf Tournament at the Wyandot Country Club, and the opening of the Trap and Skeet Shooting Tournament at the Columbus Gun Club. Curtis Reid, of Chillicothe, O., Lodge, No. 52, won the Golf Tournament when he scored 78 on the final 18 holes to finish with a 54-hole total of 236. Jack Maki, of Waukegan, Ill., Lodge, No. 702, was a close second, finishing but one stroke behind the winner. Reid had rounds of 77, 81 and 78, while Maki scored 80, 71 and 86. E. E. McWhertor, of Sharon, Pa., and C. C. Gordon, of Tallahassee, Fla., counted 239 each to tie for third place. By his victory Curtis Reid gained possession of the \$2,000 John J. Doyle Trophy.

John Taylor, of Newark, O., Lodge, No. 391, won the Elks National Singles Cham-

pionship and the Elks National Doubles Championship in the Trap and Skeet Shooting Tournament. O. C. Voss, of Columbus, was High Over All. Clint Western, of Greensburg, Ind., was amateur runner-up High Over All. The High Three-Man Team was composed of W. P. Russell, H. A. Mellinger, and C. D. Schlesselman. C. T. Stevens, of Zanesville, O., tied with Arthur Cuscaden, of Tampa, Fla., as Professional Singles champions. C. T. Stevens is also Professional Skeet Champion.

The Grand Circuit Harness Races at the Ohio State Fair Grounds attracted a throng of race enthusiasts, and a baseball game between the Columbus Red Birds and St. Paul drew a crowd of baseball fans. A band concert, dancing and entertainment were in progress at the Columbus Lodge Home.

The Opening Public Session

ON Monday evening the entire city turned out for the public opening session of the 71st Grand Lodge Reunion at Memorial Hall. In the huge auditorium, containing some 4,000 seats, a new cooling system had been installed for the comfort of the audience and of those participating in the impressive exercises.

The Session began with the 110 District Deputies marching into the Hall in evening attire, to the stirring music of the Aida March, accompanied by the Elks Patrol of Columbus Lodge. Throughout the course of the program of speeches and song, the Columbus Symphony Orchestra, with Bert

Williams conducting, kept the crowd in excellent good humor. The Columbus Elks Chorus and the "Chanters"—the famous Elks chorus of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99—contributed to the pleasure of the occasion. Chairman Oestreicher, of the Columbus Lodge Convention Committee, introduced Grand Esquire Dr. Edward J. McCormick who acted as Chairman of the first session.

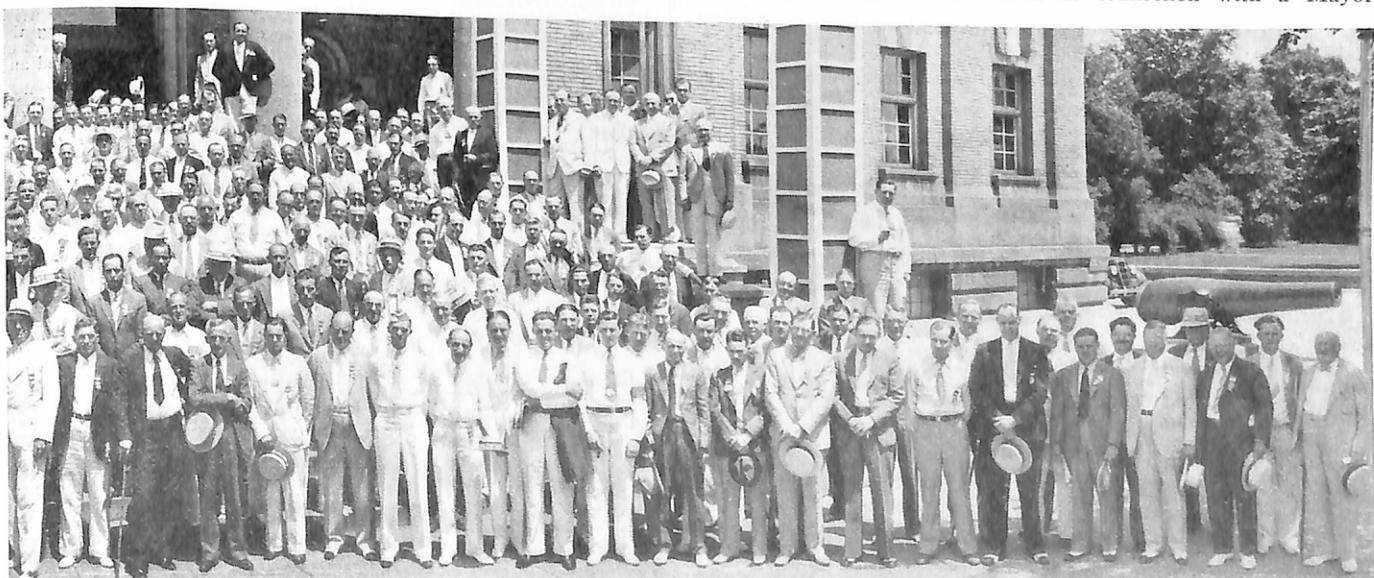
Dr. McCormick's first act was to introduce the Past Grand Exalted Rulers who were present. They took their places on the platform in the following order:

Name	Year	Lodge
Joseph T. Fanning	1903-04	Indianapolis, Ind.
John K. Tener	1907-08	Charleroi, Pa.
William M. Abbott	1920-21	San Francisco, Calif.
J. Edgar Masters	1922-23	Charleroi, Pa.
Rush L. Holland	1908-09	Colo. Springs, Colo.
Charles H. Grakelow	1926-27	Philadelphia, Pa.
John P. Sullivan	1911-12	New Orleans, La.
John F. Malley	1927-28	Springfield, Mass.
James R. Nicholson	1915-16	Springfield, Mass.
Murray Hubert	1928-29	New York, N. Y.
Edward Rightor	1916-17	New Orleans, La.
Lawrence H. Rupp	1930-31	Allentown, Pa.
Fred Harper	1917-18	Lynchburg, Va.
John R. Coen	1931-32	Sterling, Colo.
Bruce A. Campbell	1918-19	East St. Louis, Ill.
Walter F. Meier	1933-34	Seattle, Wash.
Frank L. Rain	1919-20	Fairbury, Neb.
William W. Mountain	1921-22	Flint, Mich.

Chairman McCormick then introduced the Chanters of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge No. 99, who had come all the way from the Coast as a special escort of honor for the Grand Exalted Ruler. As this splendid chorus sang "Stout Hearted Men" and an especially composed salutation, Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon was introduced amidst thunderous applause. Grand Chaplain Arthur O. Sykes, of Lyons, N. Y., Lodge No. 869, delivered the invocation and E. R. Paul M. Herbert of Columbus Lodge was introduced by the Chairman.

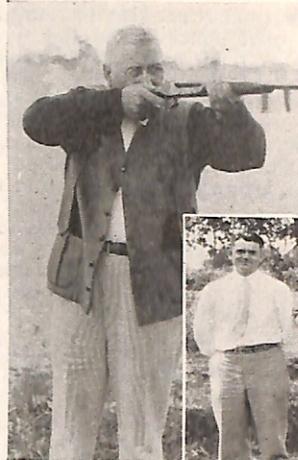
The Columbus Elks, Mr. Herbert said, appreciated the high honor of having the Grand Lodge visit them on the occasion of their 50th Anniversary. Every local Elk felt this honor keenly, as well as the responsibility that it entailed. Mr. Herbert urged every visitor to feel free to use the facilities of the City and the Lodge to the fullest extent. He expressed the hope that every Elk who attended the Reunion would take home with him the simple, wholesome feeling of hospitality that was in the heart of each Columbus Elk.

Dr. McCormick next introduced Mayor Henry W. Worley of Columbus, a member of Columbus Lodge. Mr. Worley declared that there are bound to be many unpleasant duties in connection with a Mayor's

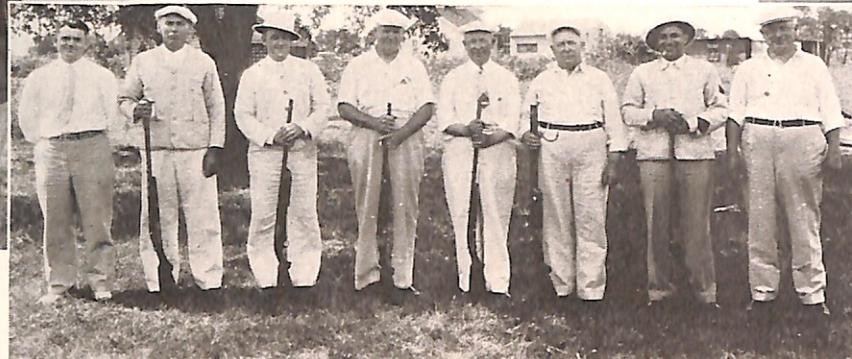


Many prominent members of the Order may be distinguished in this representative group

American Photo Company



Below, the Iowa City, Ia., Lodge Trapshooting Team; at left, John Taylor, of Newark, O., Lodge, Elks National Singles and Doubles Champion; and right, O. C. Voss, of Columbus, O., Lodge, who was High Over All



All photographs on pages 26, 27, 28, 29 are by Schreick's Studio

administration of his City's affairs, but that this was an occasion when he looked forward with the keenest anticipation to the very great pleasure that was his in welcoming the Grand Lodge to Columbus. He said that he had not offered the Grand Exalted Ruler or the members of the Grand Lodge the keys to the City because the advance guard had already stolen them. He made it very clear, however, in simple and convincing language, that every visiting Elk was in possession of a key to the heart of Columbus and its citizenry. A splendid and fitting tribute to Columbus Lodge was paid by Mayor Worley when he stated that it was one of the finest forces in the entire City for patriotism, good citizenship and works of charity.

The next speaker was Governor Martin L. Davey of Columbus, who is a member of Kent, O., Lodge No. 1377. In a stirring and well received address, liberally interspersed with humor, the Governor explained that he was this year celebrating his 25th anniversary as a member of the Order, having joined Ravenna, O., Lodge No. 1076, in 1910. He said that he loved the Elks first because of their tolerance—their fine philosophy of life; second, he loved the Order for its liberal thought; third, for its benevolence, and lastly for its spirit of patriotism. He explained that he had ordered out a large contingent of the Ohio National Guard to march in the Grand Parade on Thursday, as his tribute to all that Elkdom stands for. Governor Davey went on to say that the State of Ohio was honored to have a visit from the Grand Lodge—that its members were welcomed by every single one of Ohio's six and a half million inhabitants.

At this point in the ceremonies Curtis L. Lattimer, Director of the Columbus Elks Chorus, led his group in a most effective rendering of the Viking Song, with Glen G. Grabill at the organ. Through the medium of living statues, four magnificent tableaux were then shown at the back of the dais, each representing one of the Order's cardinal principles—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

The "Prayer of Thanksgiving" was sung by the Columbus Elks Chorus, accompanied by the Columbus Symphony Orchestra, after which the Grand Esquire introduced Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon. Amidst great applause he delivered one of the finest public addresses ever heard at a Grand Lodge Convention. Extracts from Mr. Shannon's speech follow:

"Speaking personally, I can only say that I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this splendid welcome and for your bounteous hospitality that I have seen in evidence everywhere since I came to Columbus. . . .

"I was rather prepared for the traditional ceremony of the offering by his Honor, the Mayor, or His Excellency, the Governor, of a mammoth key to the City of Columbus, or even the State of Ohio.

"I congratulate them on not attempting to offer a key, even as a symbol, because we Elks are already well aware that the gates of the City and State are open to us and it would be futile to try to find a key large enough to unlock the hearts of the people of this community.

"I call attention at this time to the fact that this occasion makes for the necessity of changing one of the important dates of history. Heretofore it was recorded that in 1492 Columbus discovered America. Hereafter it may be said that in 1935 Columbus discovered the Elks. . . .

"I have no doubt that you can readily imagine the City of Columbus as high Olympus with Elks quaffing ambrosia from golden cups; but I am concerned about the doubts some of you may have relative to the arduous labors of the Convention. So I give you an idea of the serious problems of our meeting in Columbus.

"Although the greatest interest of the Grand Lodge in the affairs of our members and of our country is the human interest, nevertheless through our subordinate Lodges we have property assets of more than one hundred million dollars—to say nothing of our liabilities.

"The Order of Elks defies the old adage that a successful institution is the lengthened shadow of one man. The success of our organization over the years has not been the result of the labor or judgment of any one man. It has been the result of good judgment, of heart interest, and wise planning on the part of many men, a planning which each year is brought to a successful consummation in the sessions of the Grand Lodge.

"We publish a national journal—THE ELKS MAGAZINE—that in readability and influence compares with the best magazines in every field and is, in this its thirteenth year of publication, the best magazine in its special field.

"One Sunday afternoon, fourteen friendly men met in a room in New York City. They were the founders of this Order. Today—one short lifetime later—Lodges with meeting places in nearly fourteen hundred American cities are engaged among other things in the building of a permanent national benevolence fund, the principal of which is to last forever, the income from which shall be a flowing river of good deeds, with tributaries reaching into every community under Elk influence. It is called The Elks National Foundation.

"Serious and arduous labor in annual convention is necessary to operate a corporation with the manifold activities of ours, only a few of which I shall name.

"And then perhaps not all of you know that the Elks operate a great UNIVERSITY.

"It is great because of its size—perhaps the largest in the world—and it possesses many unique features.

"It has almost five hundred thousand students.

"The campus covers the entire American Continent and the island possessions in two oceans.

"There is a college of our university in every important city where the American flag flies.

"We choose to call them Lodges.

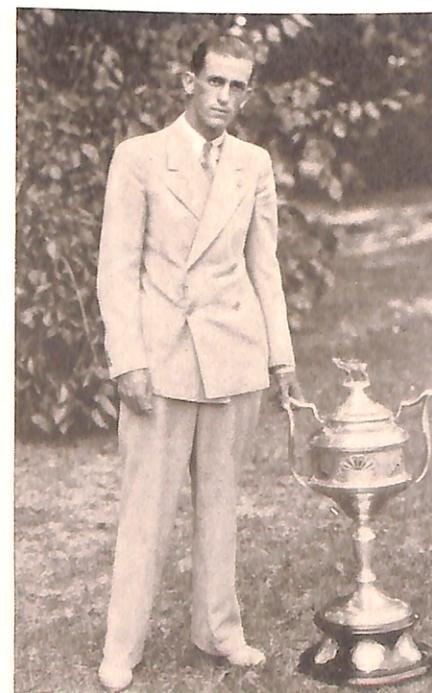
"Our university again is great because it has one of the finest endowments. For fifty-seven years we have been accumulating the priceless gifts of the gratitude and prayers of widows and orphans, the under-privileged and forgotten.

"Our university is unique because it offers but three simple courses of study: LOVE OF MAN FOR MAN, LOVE OF GOD, AND LOVE OF COUNTRY.

I COULD describe in terms of seven figures the money that was expended this year by our subordinate Lodges for the relief of distress. I could describe in terms of eight figures the work of a similar kind that has been done in the past ten years.

"But kindness and friendship cannot be measured in terms of dollars and cents, and because of extraordinary times and extraordinary conditions, the Grand Exalted Ruler wanted to be sure that our colleges—which we call Lodges—were teaching and practicing the love of man for man—which we call charity and brotherly love. And so I asked for a weekly report from each of the Lodges.

"Now I am content at the end of the year that the work has been well done, for I know, because of the telegrams and letters that have been heaped upon my desk, of the thousands of children that have been clothed, of the thousands of small feet that have been covered with shoes, of the fires of wood and coal and cheerfulness that have been kindled in the homes and hearts of old men and old women; of the hundreds of pairs of new glasses that have been furnished so that old folks could



Curtis Reid, of Chillicothe, O., Lodge, winner of the Elks National Golf Tournament, with the \$2,000 Doyle Trophy

carry on and young eyes could see to do their work in school; of undernourished children who have been brought back to health and usefulness; of crippled limbs that have been made straight.

"I can think of no phase of human misery, from ills of the body to agony of the spirit, that has not been touched and lightened by the Elks of America in 1935.

"I could speak for hours and relate stories of misery and heartaches—with happy endings because Elk Lodges were functioning true to the spirit and tradition of our Order.

"The great wave of friendship and kindness that has radiated from Elk Lodges this year is not peculiar to one year or one administration.

"I wonder if it might seem strange to any of you here that in this so-called scientific age men so practical as the Elks should be teaching love of God. . . .

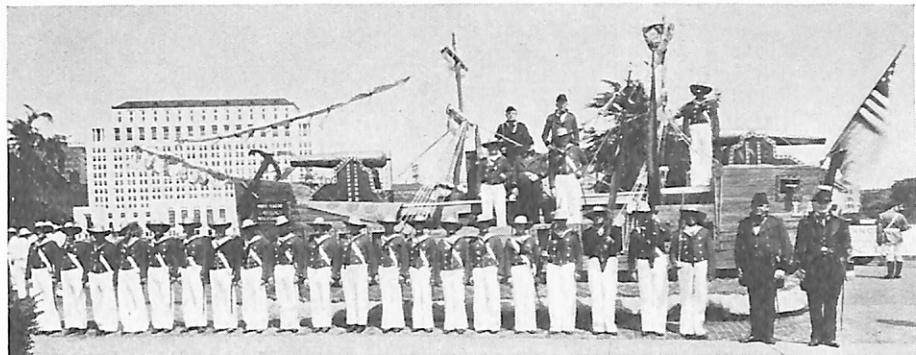
"Nothing can take the place of sincerity in religious faith, but these are times that call for external manifestations of religious belief which are as necessary to the religious and moral spirit of the people as external and formal demonstrations on patriotic occasions are necessary to foster a wide patriotic spirit.

"No man can become an Elk unless he holds and professes a belief in the existence of a Supreme Being.

"No session of an Elk Lodge can be regularly opened without an invocation to the Supreme Being.

"Our Fraternity does not attempt to take the place of the Church. It cannot replace churches, but it can make better churchmen.

"Ever since the Order was founded, our Lodge rooms have been sanctuaries about whose



The float of Toledo, O., Lodge, which won the prize for the best historical float in the Parade

a battle in which sons of fathers who wore the blue will mingle their blood in a common cause under the old flag with sons of fathers who wore the gray. Then one of the actors gives expression to the thought that the tragic possibility could never again exist of Elks firing upon Elks across enemy lines.

"Thereupon the ritual was written under the most dramatic circumstances, from which there has never been any fundamental departure, and as a result of which upon the

people with an everlasting hatred of war, but with a love of native land and of the freedom purchased with the blood of heroes that transcends even a hatred of war.

"It became the emblem of a fraternity of American gentlemen whose devotion to their flag and the institutions for which it stands has never faltered.

"Here in Columbus we pledge anew that so long as our Order shall last,

*By the Dawn's Early Light
The Proud Stripes and Bright Stars
Will Be Gallantly Streaming."*

A final tableau was then shown at the back of the dais—a beautifully staged scene with Betsy Ross putting the finishing touches on the first American Flag just before presenting it to George Washington. The title of this colorful exhibit was "The Spirit Forever." As one man the audience rose while the orchestra played the Star Spangled Banner to conclude this most inspiring and patriotic public ceremony.

Tuesday, July 16, opened with a delightful concert by the Columbus Elks Chorus. The Chorus was one of the several outstanding musical groups at the Convention. At 10:00 A.M. the opening business session of the Grand Lodge took place when the election of Grand Lodge officers was held and selection of the meeting place for the 1936 Convention was made. Late in the afternoon a conference of State Association officials was held at the Deshler-Wallick Hotel.

Golf, trapshooting and skeet tournaments continued throughout the day and various other activities were enjoyed by those who did not attend the business session. Early in the evening a concert was rendered by the Columbus Elks Chorus, the Los Angeles

(Continued on page 48)



The Florida State Elks Assn. Float which was judged the most beautiful in the Parade

altars men of every religious faith have gathered.

"We teach and practice a religious tolerance that was never more needed than today. Our Order has from the beginning been a confederacy of all religious groups.

"Lastly, we teach Love of Country. We believe we should have, in the words of the immortal Lincoln—

Mystic cords of memory stretching from every battle field and every patriot, Grace to every heart and hearthstone all over this broad land.

"In my mind's eye, I view two scenes as important episodes in our national drama.

"The first scene is in a room in the City of Philadelphia. I see a matronly young woman, more than ordinarily pretty, dressed in ample crinoline and wearing a fresh lace cap upon her hair. I watch her as she snips, close to the silken fabric upon which she has been working, the strand of a golden thread. I see her stick the needle into the lining of her work basket, press down over her knees the seams and then arise to greet the white-wigged, courtly committee of the American Congress. I watch Betsy Ross as she places into the hands of the stately and serene George Washington the first finished emblem of what is now the greatest nation of the earth.

"The second scene is in a room in the St. Charles Hotel in the City of New Orleans in the year 1898. The furniture and the wearing apparel of the actors denote the passing of a hundred and twenty-one years since Betsy Ross made the first American Flag. It is three o'clock in the morning—men in shirt sleeves are there. The actors represent the Ritual Committee of an already great American Fraternity struggling to complete a Ritual that will be acceptable to all of the Order, an Order now representative of a country that in less than one lifetime fought a great sectional war in which brother was pitted against brother.

"The cries of news boys are heard on the clear air of the morning. The soldiers of a reunited country are in Cuba and the nation is eager for news of the impending battle,

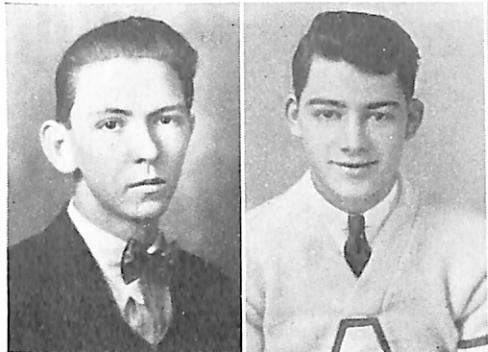


The handsome float of the Indiana State Elks Association, which won the prize for the best interpretation of Elkhorn

FLOATS IN THE GRAND LODGE CONVENTION PARADE



Center: Miss Mary Louise Bruchman, of Prescott, Ariz., winner of the Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$1,000. Extreme left: Bernard B. Bohren, of Olney, Ill., and left center: Burley C. Johnston, Jr., of Fort Smith, Ark., who received Honorable Mention Scholarships of \$300 each



Below are Miss Bernice Stephens, of Houston, Texas, and Jack Campbell, of Hutchinson, Kans., who were both awarded Honorable Mention Scholarships of \$300 by the Elks National Foundation. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley is Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees



Supplementary Information on the Grand Lodge Business Sessions in Columbus

The Grand Lodge of Sorrow

WITH Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan presiding, the Grand Lodge of Sorrow opened promptly at 11:00 o'clock on Wednesday morning, July 17th. To organ music Mr. Sullivan delivered the Thanatopsis most impressively, calling upon Grand Chaplain Sykes for the invocation at its conclusion.

The Los Angeles Chanters then rendered "To Our Absent Brothers," whereupon Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper delivered the Eulogy for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, who died on March 16, 1935.

Most touchingly Mr. Harper referred to his long years of association with Mr. Andrews, describing him primarily as a friendly man. "Our hearts grow gentle and kindly at this hour," said Mr. Harper, "and Walter Andrews exemplified the spirit of friendship at its best—friendship toward his fellow men and his Order. His devotion to the Order increased with his years of service in its behalf. He felt great pride in its patriotic character and was a most ardent patriot himself."

Mr. Harper went on to say that the world was a better world because of men like Mr. Andrews and that the Order of Elks was a better Order because of the interest he had taken in it. At the conclusion he read the following touching telegram from Mrs. Leontine Chisholm Andrews, Mr. Andrews' widow:

"Last year when the doctors despaired of his life, he roused long enough to dictate a message to the Grand Lodge and only a few weeks before his passing he expressed a desire to attend this Convention and see you all. Please express this desire to the Grand Lodge as a message of love and remembrance from him."

Russell Horton, soloist of the Los Angeles Chanters, then gave a beautiful rendition of "In My Father's House Are Many Mansions."

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson then delivered the Eulogy for Past Grand Treasurer James F. Duffy, who died April 2, 1935. Mr. Nicholson characterized Mr. Duffy as essentially a simple man—one who preferred the elementary things of life—and said that he would, therefore, refer to him in homely phrases. The Order,

Mr. Nicholson continued, had suffered a great loss in Mr. Duffy's passing. He was a member of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, for 30 years; an officer in his Lodge for nearly 20 years, and he had held many Grand Lodge offices, including that of Grand Treasurer for the past three years. Mr. Duffy, said Mr. Nicholson, brought great fidelity of purpose to all his tasks. He had excellent business judgment. Many Lodges which have fallen by the wayside would not have done so had they had a Jim Duffy to guide them.

Following the Eulogy, James R. Cooper, a P.E.R. of Newark, Ohio, Lodge, No. 391, recited a poem, "Memorial Day," written by Robert Cameron Rogers, author of "The Rosary."

Thereupon the Columbus Elks Chorus sang "Shall I Be Forgotten," with Messrs. Oldham and Maize as the soloists. Next they rendered "Farewell," with Mr. Moffitt as the soloist.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan's closing remarks consisted of a most effective rendering of the "Crucifix of Tears." Toward the close of this impressive benediction the Los Angeles Chanters and the Columbus Elks Chorus softly hummed "Aloha Oe," to end the 1935 Grand Lodge of Sorrow.

Informal Conference of Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect with Exalted Rulers

Promptly at 4:00 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon Judge Hallinan met with the Exalted Rulers for a most inspiring informal session, in the course of which he and other Grand Lodge officers discussed subordinate Lodge problems with them frankly and as man to man. Speaking simply and directly, the Grand Exalted Ruler-elect prefaced his remarks by saying that in spite of the many difficulties which confront the subordinate Lodges today, most of them can be overcome by prompt and decisive action. The need is, he said, for leaders who have a genuine desire to give all they have to the Order rather than to take all they can get from it.

Judge Hallinan first stressed the importance of holding fraternal meetings—meetings in which friendliness and friendship pre-

vail. Translating his remarks into action, he called a brief recess during which he asked every man present to introduce himself to his left and right hand neighbors and to the men who were sitting in front and behind him. At the conclusion of this unique hand-shaking ceremony, in which some 1,000 Exalted Rulers participated enthusiastically, the Grand Exalted Ruler-elect, using his own Lodge as an example, went on to explain how any Lodge could pull itself up by its own boot straps, given the proper spirit and leadership. He said that in Queens Borough Lodge as many as 3,600 members out of a total of 4,400 had attended meetings. One way to stir up such a high degree of interest as this, he explained, is to invite prominent local personages to join the Lodge and then to hold receptions for them.

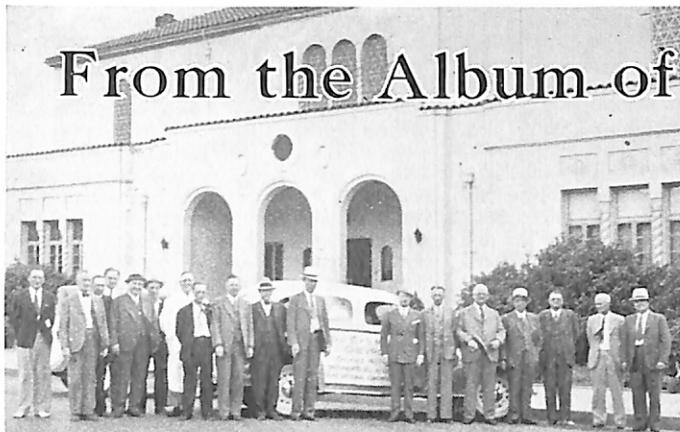
Always start meetings promptly, he urged, even if only a few members are present. They should not be kept waiting for dilatory members. One good tip he gave in connection with increasing attendance at meetings was that of the Exalted Ruler writing occasional letters to members when they absent themselves from Lodge on several consecutive meeting nights.

Charter member nights and nights for old timers have proved to be excellent as a means of attracting members to Queens Borough Lodge meetings. There the two groups are entertained simultaneously. Anybody who has been a member for 15 years or more qualifies as an old timer. The old timers are given ribbons of one color and the charter members ribbons of another color. Both groups are invited to dinner.

No organization is closer to the Elks than the American Legion, said Judge Hallinan, and he recommended that the local Legion Post be invited to cooperate with the Elks Lodge, particularly in connection with patriotic days such as Flag Day, Armistice Day, and the like.

In connection with the vital problems of increasing the Order's membership Judge Hallinan said that he did not believe in membership drives and that there would never be one during his administration as Grand Exalted Ruler. He explained, however, that he would immediately set plans in motion for two great national classes—one in November, to be known as the Joseph T. Fanning Class; the other in Feb-

From the Album of the Good Will Fleet



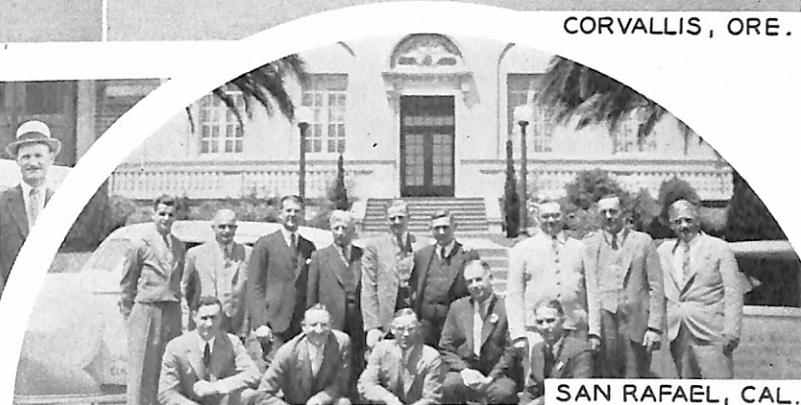
WOODLAND, CAL.



CORVALLIS, ORE.



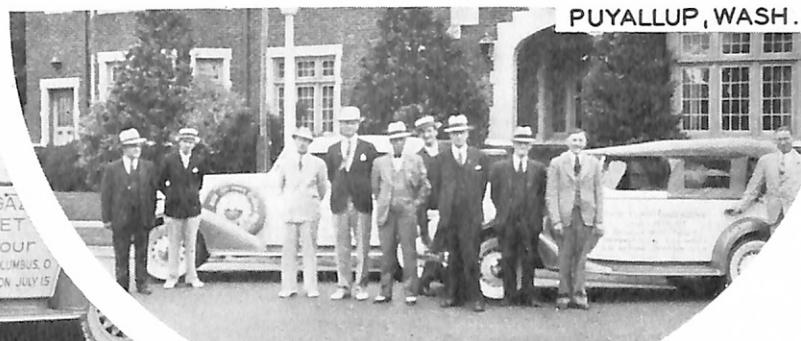
COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO



SAN RAFAEL, CAL.



MISSOULA, MONT.



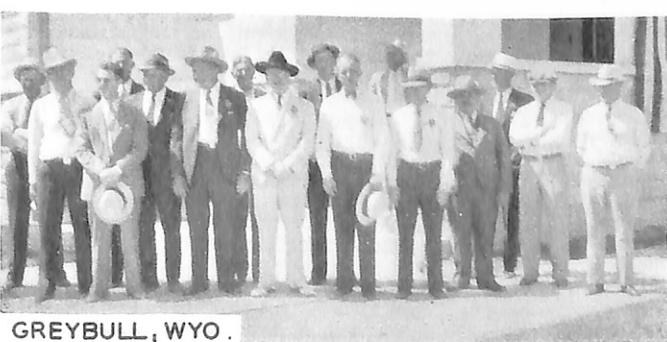
PUYALLUP, WASH.



FORT MORGAN, COLO.



LIVINGSTON, MONT.



GREYBULL, WYO.



ASHLAND, ORE.

Finding the Way to the Knockout

(Continued from page 11)

picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady," Baer told me. "I used to tussle with Primo just to feel him out. I thought we might fight some day and it would pay me to know his reactions. I decided that though he was very strong and game he was not a very fast thinker. Off the sets we used to box a little. I noticed an interesting thing. After Carnera jabbed with his left hand he always dropped it. He didn't do this in the picture, so I wondered if he would in a real fight. When we were matched for the championship I thought to myself, 'If he drops that hand against me I'll surprise him.' When we finally met, Primo jabbed with his left not long after the start of the first round. Sure enough, he dropped it immediately. I waited for him to do it again. Then I threw an overhand right above his left arm and nailed him on the chin. Down he went."

THIS blow could have been a knockout if there had been time for Max to obtain timing. As it was it paved the way for twelve subsequent knockdowns administered by Baer. He could have ended the fight earlier. "But," he explained later, "Carnera was very strong and I thought it better to nurse him along. I paced myself and conserved my energy. If I had opened up for a quick knockout I might have got careless and Primo would have hit me."

You would think that his experience with Carnera should have provided a moral which Max could not possibly have missed. How to get the victim into position for a knockout punch, and how to deliver it, would seem to be a study which a champion or championship aspirant would exhaust to the very last tiny detail.

The human body provides few knockout spots. You can weaken an enemy by head and liver and kidney blows and, of course, any punch has some effect, but as long as he can protect his chin, jaws, heart and stomach he can baffle you.

To hit an opponent tellingly a fighter may deliver an unexpected thrust at the start of a bout, before he has got set, which is rare; take advantage of a peculiarity in style, as Baer did against Carnera; foresee a lead and counter quickly; feint the other into lowering or raising his guard, thus exposing a spot where he may be hit; "slipping" or blocking his lead, or stepping inside or away from it, and then countering; purposely expose himself to draw a lead, so he can hit the spot this lead exposes; persistently attack the head until the opponent becomes set in defending it and then switch to the body; or vice versa.

On the defensive side, the boxer has two hands with which to block blows or push them aside; two feet with which to move forward or backward, or sidestep; a head that can move in many directions to "slip" or otherwise nullify leads; a body that can weave or crouch and bend in or away; and, finally, two shoulders behind which he can bury the most vulnerable of all points, his chin. It is an invariable rule that the chin must never be exposed. Hence, even on attack, the fighter keeps it down.

Obviously, considering the possibilities of defense, the more advance information you can gain regarding your man's strength and weakness, his peculiarities of behavior and the action of his mind, the better prepared you are to conquer him by strategic planning. It may sound paradoxical, but it is true that a brainy boxer often is able to

turn a rival's strongest offensive into his greatest weakness.

Jack Dempsey, of course, provides the exception to the rule that the careful planners are the best fighters. But Jack was the supreme product of the rough-and-tumble school. He was a highly successful exponent of opportunism because circumstances and his unique physical and mental organization combined for such a result. His story of his first really testing battles is illuminating as well as amusing. It goes back to 1915, when he was a middleweight and rather a poor one.

"I had been down in San Francisco where they allowed four-round bouts at that time," he told me, "but the pickings were poor and I decided to go to Nevada where longer fights were permitted. I went to Reno.

"Things were no better there. I couldn't get a match to save me. Then, just as I was completely broke, a telegram came from Goldfield asking me if I would substitute for a fellow who was dropping out of a ten-round fight with Johnny Sudenberg. The telegram offered me \$100 and two round-trip tickets. The promoters assumed I had a trainer. I didn't.

"I wired at once for the tickets and set off for Goldfield, taking with me as trainer and second a little fellow I picked up in Reno. He was broke, too. We were so dumb we never thought of asking for an advance. Probably if we had we wouldn't have got it.

"What a ride that was! We were in a day coach. We didn't have the price of a sandwich. We left Reno at nine o'clock at night and were not due in Goldfield until three o'clock the next afternoon. Weak from hunger, we finally fell asleep on each other's shoulders. We didn't have to worry about baggage. All we had was my fighting togs, done up in a newspaper. We looked like bums and I guess we were bums.

"Fifty miles out of Goldfield my pal woke up. Someone was yelling, 'Jack Dempsey! Jack Dempsey!' He saw a big man, dressed to kill with a diamond like a turnip in his necktie, coming down the aisle.

"'Here he is,' said my trainer, pointing to me. I was still sound asleep. He had to wake me up.

"'Don't kid me,' replied the stranger, giving me one look. 'I'm looking for Dempsey, the fighter.'

IT took us quite a time to convince him I was the man he wanted. He turned out to be Jake Goodfriend, the Goldfield promoter. He had come down the line to pick us up because he had arranged an exhibition for me at Tonopah. It was sort of an advertisement for the Goldfield fight.

"He had dug up a strong-looking colored boy to box me. I was scared. Hungry as I was I was likely to make such a poor showing that Goodfriend would ditch me. Luckily I got a break. I swung on the darkey and missed, but I fell forward with my mouth open. He had ducked. My teeth cut a big gash in his forehead and blood blinded him. I socked him with a good one and he yelled for someone to take the gloves off of him.

"'My God, how dat boy can hit!' he said.

"Goodfriend didn't have much faith in me, even after that. He arranged another fight before I tackled Sudenberg, who had a good reputation. He was from Omaha and had had considerable experience. This time I met a fellow they called Kid Harrison. I

decided to lick him while I was strong and rushed him from the start. I got a quick knockout. The high altitude in that country still bothered me.

"I didn't expect an easy time with Sudenberg. The sports were backing him 10 to 1, but it turned out that these odds were much too long. I stayed the limit. We slugged each other all over the ring and the referee called it a draw. But I had to be taken home in a wheel-barrow.

"We were re-matched and fought a month later at Tonopah. Believe me, Sudenberg was tough. This was the hardest fight I ever had. I knocked him down seven times in the first round, but he got up and came back for more. Before the fight ended I kissed the floor myself half a dozen times.

"After the seventh round we were both out on our feet, but kept on swinging. At the finish I was stronger than Johnny and got the decision."

Here you have a colorful picture of a ring opportunist in the making. These fights of Jack's were little more than a continuance of the bare-fisted encounters of his boyhood days. His body toughened by hard blows and his wits sharpened by the variety of his experiences, he naturally gravitated from the corner lot to the prize ring.

STILL, it must be confessed, it was a great surprise when Jack told me that of all his battles in the ring only one was fought on a tactical basis carefully thought out long before the fight and rigidly adhered to during its progress.

"That was my meeting with Jack Sharkey," explained Jack. "Assisted by Leo Flynn, I worked on a plan to beat Jack months in advance of going into the ring with him."

This battle, you will remember, was in the nature of a come-back attempt to win another chance at Gene Tunney, to whom Jack had lost his title in 1926. He had been idle for a year at a time in his life when it is not so easy to recapture your former good condition. He was compelled to beat Sharkey or he wouldn't get a chance at Tunney. It was advisable to cast opportunism aside.

"Sharkey was very clever and fast on the ropes," Dempsey continued, "and I knew I would have trouble hitting him on the chin. I planned to play for his body. I felt that sooner or later he would be unable to stand the punishment. Of course I would have to take a lot of it myself, but I was in good condition and I figured I could do it.

"Everything turned out as expected. Jack hit me on the chin a lot. But I kept boring in with body blows and by the fifth round I knew that the end was just a matter of time. I could feel him weakening. When we came out for the seventh round I went for the body as usual, tearing in with lefts and rights. This brought his guard down and at last I could shoot for his chin. I threw a left hook to his jaw. It put him out."

But what about the most famous of all Jack's punches—the one that knocked Gene Tunney down for that historic fourteen count in Chicago in September 1927? When I asked about that, he said, "Oh, that's all past and gone. I'd rather not talk about it."

This was Dempsey, the good sport in defeat, talking. I hastened to assure him that I was not prying into his opinion of the

justice of Referee Dave Barry's procedure during the exciting seventh round of his struggle to regain his lost title. I merely wished to find out how he had hit Tunney that devastating blow.

You will recall that during the ten rounds of their first meeting at Philadelphia and six rounds of this second set-to, Gene's superb boxing and generalship had prevented Jack from hitting effectively. How, then, did Jack finally manage to penetrate the baffling defense set up against him? In his answer you discover again the opportunist, but one so brilliant as to be dazzling.

In his story of his life Tunney gives his version of the encounter. He relates that after fifty seconds of jabbing, feinting and mixing, he led with a straight left and Dempsey crossed with a long right. Gene backed up, for he had been jolted by Jack's blow. Dempsey followed and laid a hard left hook on his chin. Gene partially "rode" another right, but went up against the ropes. As he bounced off, he says, he raised his guard and Jack slipped in with a left hook that made him sag. Then, he adds a right and a left and a right followed in this order, practically knocking the stuffing out of him, and he went to the floor.

Whether Referee Barry was right in starting one count, then waving Dempsey to his corner and beginning another, giving Tunney fourteen seconds in which to recuperate, cannot be argued here. But obviously Dempsey had landed a punch with every knockout characteristic. How he succeeded in doing this is the matter that interests us.

Of the vital blow on the chin that drove him to the ropes and almost cost him his championship, Tunney says: "I couldn't understand how I came to miss it as it came. I was furious (over being so careless)."

Probably you've never heard Dempsey's explanation of how he got in this deadly shot which even Tunney did not understand, for the former champion has seldom mentioned it and then very briefly. It gives you an inkling of the man's incredible ability to grasp an opportunity in the space of a split second. It is one of the ring's most amazing chronicles.

"After my first fight with Tunney," Jack told me, "I knew every move he would make in the second fight. I was able to hit him hard in the seventh round because, when he shot his left hand at me, he didn't keep his chin down. Always before he had kept it down when he led. This time it was exposed so I hit him at once."

This undoubtedly is one of the classic feats of boxing. Mind you, all manner of expert fighters had been trying vainly for years to hit Tunney on the chin. But invariably it was tucked snugly down, where it couldn't be reached, when he led.

"Out of twenty-five thousand punches, Gene lifted his chin only once," said Dempsey thoughtfully. . . . "That was when I hit him in Chicago."

If Dempsey was the king of opportunists, Tunney was the king of careful planners of ring tactics. As a small boy he had come in contact with gymnasium boxing; that is to say, supervised boxing. By nature studious and methodical, the sport appealed to him as a test of skill. When he became a professional he studied the methods of his opponents, their faults and their advantages, with extreme care. Often he did so even before he knew that he would fight them. When he met them in the ring he had an astutely prepared plan of battle.

Gene probably is prouder of his victory over Tom Gibbons than of any other.

and counter offenses for Tom's leads and punches.

"I had had Tom in my test tube for more than three years when at last we met in June, 1925.

"His best attack was a double feint which would make his opponent paw out with his left hand to protect himself. Then he would slip in with a terrific left hook to the liver or chin. If it was to the liver, the blow would cause the other man to drop his elbow after a time. Then Tom would hit him on the chin.

"The solution of this attack was not difficult. When he tried the double feint, I feinted my left hand in a pawing motion,

as he expected me to do but, as he slipped in, stepped back. Then, as he hit with his left, I countered heavily on his forehead with a right cross.

"This was not a knockout blow, but I counted on it to soften him. I kept it up whenever the opportunity offered. After the tenth round I could feel him weakening. He began to protect his head. This paved the way for a left hook to the body that started him toward a knockout. That victory put me in line to fight Dempsey for the championship."

Waiting for the moment when a decisive punch may be launched sometimes requires monumental patience. Benny Leonard, probably the greatest lightweight of modern days, gave me a striking instance of this sort of thing. Leonard, like Tunney, not only was a superfine boxer but a sledgehammer hitter. Also, like Tunney, he planned carefully his fights.

In 1920 Joe Welling of Chicago, best of all the lightweight challengers, was matched with Benny for a bout at the Madison Square Garden. Acknowledging to himself that here was a man who might well

relieve him of the championship, Benny set seriously to work to guard against it.

"I used to lie abed at night and think over my opponent's offenses and defenses," Benny told me. "I considered every possible detail of their methods. I made it a rule to grant that they were better in all respects than they seemed. In this way I made certain I would meet no surprises. I was ready for the unexpected."

"Welling was a tall, rangy lad who fought with his left hand extended and his right cocked on his chest, ready to shoot, like a gun. Because of his height and his extended left arm I knew it would be hard to get a hand into him, so I made up my mind that I would have to box him until he made a mistake and opened up with his right hand. I boxed him round after round, jockeying him all around in an effort to make him shoot his right. Twelve rounds passed. With only three more to go, it looked as if he were going to be stubborn about it and would not give me a chance."

"You have to be patient. In the thirteenth round he finally made the mistake I was waiting for and fired his right. I was all ready. I made him miss and then threw my right to his chin with everything I had. Actually, it was the first time during



"Are you two gentlemen together?"

"I first saw Gibbons box in a bout with Paul Sampson at the Pioneer Athletic Club in New York in 1921," he said. "He won in a round and a half. His skill impressed me tremendously."

Gene, himself developing into a great boxer, did not consider himself ready to meet Gibbons at this time. But he was looking forward to the day when he would have the privilege. "He was one of the most scientific men in the history of the ring, knowing all the tricks of defense, and he had gone the limit in a fifteen-round bout with Jack Dempsey," Gene told me. "I felt I would gain heavily by a victory over him."

The way in which he fitted himself to engage Gibbons is a remarkable chapter in a remarkable career. It fully illustrates the method of the successful planner of fights.

"The years 1923 and 1924 passed without my feeling quite ready for Tom," said Tunney. "However, I felt I was improving all the time. To prepare myself for the meeting I felt would come some day, I brought on men who had trained Gibbons to condition me for a few of my fights. Jock Malone was one. Jimmy Delaney was another. With them I practiced defenses

the fight that I had thrown that right, for I was afraid I would give him an opening for his right. Down he went. He got up again, but the end was in sight. The punch left him in such a condition that I finished him easily in the next round."

One of the hardest tasks confronting the ordinary fighter is that of knocking out a southpaw boxer. Jimmy McLarnin had this task ahead of him when he was matched to meet Young Corbett III at Los Angeles on May 28, 1933, in an effort to wrest his welterweight crown from him.

Jimmy wanted the welterweight title badly—not merely for himself, but on account of good old Pop Foster, his manager, who had picked him up in Vancouver, B. C., when he was an almost penniless kid, and steered him to fame and fortune in the ring. Also he wanted to show the Californians a few things. He hadn't forgotten the first excursion he and Pop had made into the State in search of fights. Pop had taken him to a promoter in San Francisco.

"I've got a mighty promising boy," he said.

"Where is he?" asked the promoter.

"Here," said Pop, pushing Jimmy to the front. He was seventeen, then, but he looked to be scarcely fifteen. The promoter snorted. "You want to get me put in jail?" he demanded. "That kid doesn't want a fight—he needs a nurse!"

THIS inauspicious introduction to California made Jimmy doubly anxious to stage a great show when he encountered Young Corbett III, a native son.

"The champion had fought 200 times without ever being knocked out," he said, "so it looked like a tough job. In addition to being a southpaw, he was a great defensive fighter who made the other fellow carry the battle to him. He would come in a lot, but he wouldn't lead. He would wait for his opponent to do that; then he would soak him with his left. His favorite blow was a left to the solar plexus. It was a real knockout sock."

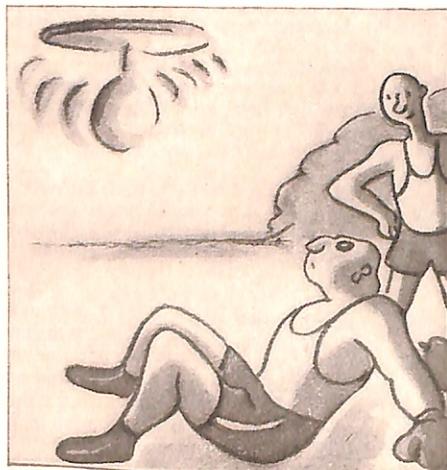
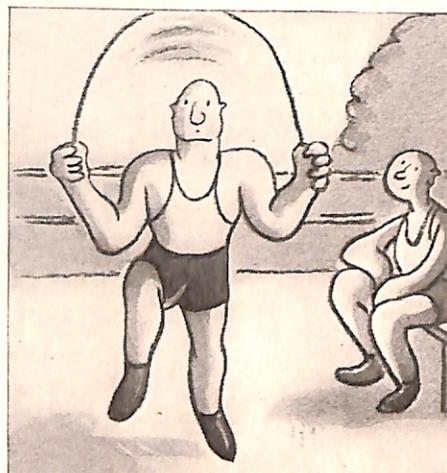
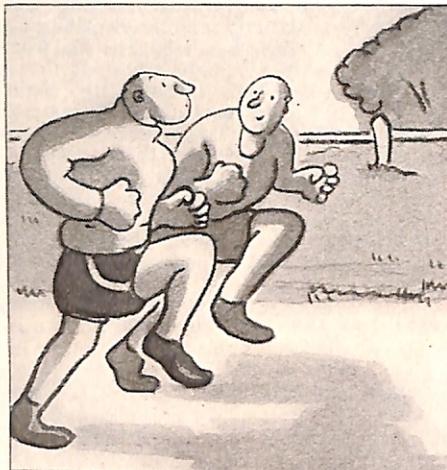
"Our idea (Note, please, that when Jimmy McLarnin talks of his fights he seldom says "I" or "me" but always includes Pop Foster with an "our" or "we" or "us") was to draw him out, if possible. We felt that if we could get him to lead we could beat him. The psychology of it was to make him think I was timid and that he could whip me easily. When he started coming in I backed up. He let go this long left punch of his to the stomach.

"We had planned just what we would do. I stepped inside with a short left hook to his jaw. It hit him before his left had got very far. K.O. for Young Corbett! We are the welterweight champion of the world! And the fight had gone only two minutes and 48 seconds."

Intelligent planning like this often will bring a fight to a quick conclusion. A similar case was that of Barney Ross, one time lightweight champion, who this summer took McLarnin's title from him.

In 1933 Ross, then only a lightweight, met Johnny Datto at Pittsburgh. If he beat Datto a match with Tony Canzoneri, the champion, was in order. He planned the road to Johnny's knockout spot long in advance and traveled it with high speed when they faced one another.

"Datto, I knew, had a murderous right-hand punch," Barney explained to me. "Also, he had a tender chin. I decided to let him think he could hit me with his right, so I could get at that chin of his. In the second round I saw him lead his right. I didn't try to stop it, but let it pass by my head. That is, I 'slipped' it. It hit me a glancing blow high on the left side and Johnny immediately tried to shoot his right again. It was exactly what I expected, I countered with a left to his chin for a knockout."



Barney got his chance at Canzoneri and took Tony's title from him in a ten-round decision bout at Chicago. They were rematched to meet in New York and here Barney went through what he calls "the hardest battle of my career."

"It was more important to me than my first meeting with Tony because then I had nothing to lose and now I had the championship to lose," said he. "Against Tony you can't very well plan in advance. He is too fast, clever and shifty. About all I could do in training was to insure good condition and good timing.

"Tony gave me plenty to think about when we got into the ring. He kept me guessing by fighting differently in every round. First he would keep throwing a left hook to the body. In the next round he would try for the body with his right. When he had done that for a while he would start throwing his right at my head. One time he would try to outbox me, another time he would attempt to outslug me. As fast as I built up a defense for one thing he would hand me something else.

"About the sixth round I decided I would have to start a two-fisted offensive if I wanted to get anywhere. I could never get him into a position where I could hit him effectively if the fight went on like this. For several rounds I punched away. His answer was to weave back and forth to keep me from getting set for a punch.

"I wanted him to lead and started feinting to get him to do so. My purpose was to get him to shoot his right. To accomplish this I purposely lowered my left hand to tempt him to try for my head with his right. In the 12th this was just what he did. At once I threw in a left hook that stung him badly."

This punch did not knock Tony out but it slowed him down. Barney's clever diagnosis of the course he must take to offset the challenger's skillfully planned attack, worked out in the middle of the fight, brought him victory. During the remainder of the bout he piled up points enough to hold his precious title.

THE Carnera-Louis bout was a fine example of a well-planned fight. Carnera, as everyone knows, can't stand punishment on the head. It slows his thinking which, as Max Baer had pointed out, is none too speedy. From the start, Louis went after his head. The object was, if possible, to land a knockout blow; but, failing that, Joe wanted to get the Italian's guard up so he could switch the attack to his body. When this had brought Primo's guard down he would go for the head again.

Louis's model for such an attack was his fight with Lee Ramage at Chicago last December, which contributed importantly to his ring education. Lee is a highly skilled boxer, rated by many to be the most scientific since Gene Tunney and Tommy Loughran. The experts backed him at 3 to 2 to take a ten-round decision from Joe.

For five rounds, Ramage hit the Negro with so many left jabs he couldn't get balanced, all the time keeping out of the range of Joe's hammer-like fists by fast footwork. Joe looked frustrated and his sensational progress in the ring was threatened.

He decided he would have to try to slow Ramage up and bring his left hand down with punches to the body. Through the sixth and seventh rounds he followed this plan. Of course he had to take a lot of punishment himself. But he was willing. Near the end of the seventh round he hit Lee on his left ribs with a right so terrific that it stiffened his whole left side. Lee couldn't jab with his left any more. Neither could he run away. In the eighth Louis toppled him with a right cross to the jaw.

that ended the bout. (See photo on page 11).

Now Carnera was not in the same class with Ramage as a boxer. But his great height, his big arms and his long left jab provided the equivalent of Lee's skill. As long as he was fresh and strong he could defend his vulnerable spot, making it difficult for the shorter man to connect. But after a series of terrific body punches, he had to guard against them. In the sixth round a successful body attack enabled the Negro to feint Carnera into position. He tossed his right to Primo's glass chin and felled him. He got up, but a left and a right quickly spelled the end for him.

In the course of a hard ring battle the best laid plans of the brainy fighter may

go astray and he may have to reorganize his whole attack. But, in the long run, it is the man who studies his opponents exhaustively and then prepares careful plans for overcoming them who suffers the fewest upsets.

I recall Gene Tunney's account of his first battle with Harry Greb in his light heavyweight days. He planned to outbox Harry, but the latter butted him so effectively in the clinches that he broke his nose, closed one eye completely, and partially closed the other. Gene had to drop his plans. The only course he could follow was to slug with both hands whenever Greb came near him.

Gene lost the decision, but he learned

a great deal from that fight. A moral he never forgot was that you must leave as little as possible to chance. He met Greb in later fights and beat him. He boxed in a way that made it impossible for Harry to get close enough to butt him or use any other tricks of the sort. For other fighters he was also prepared. He never entered the ring without knowing to the last detail their methods and qualifications. The aftermath of the Greb defeat was a long line of victories for himself which eventually brought him the Heavyweight Championship.

Sometimes the opportunities of the ring are fine to string along with; but, in the main, the careful planners are the best ones on whom to place your bets.

It Takes Men

(Continued from page 8)

beneath its bed. He had seen them crippled, choked, killed by this tool that had turned upon them. And he had seen them fight on, fighting the air as they fought the river until tunnel building had taken its place in the construction world as a solid, staple factor. Until subway trains roared beneath the rivers and passengers read their newspapers oblivious of the tons of water above them.

AND now the men who had made this possible were to be shunted aside. Machines were coming in to take up their work. And it didn't seem quite fair—or just. He knew the master mechanic was right. Figures didn't lie. But he had hoped McGow would be able to do the impossible, get just a little more work from the men—enough to stave off the inevitable until the end of the job. On the next tunnel things might be different. Something might happen to keep the men at work. And if not—Talbot didn't want to think about it.

His fingers were drumming a rapid tattoo upon the desk top when McGow entered the office. His smile was the kind that takes the place of words to a beaten fighter. And Driver McGow tried to smile in return, but couldn't.

"You win, Harry," he said to the master mechanic. "Put in your damn machines."

"I hear you've got a new name," said Gribling. "Driver McGow, eh? Worked them until they sweat blood and still they couldn't make the grade. You're a fool, McGow. Machines don't do that. Oil them and treat them right and they don't care how much you speed them up."

"I'm sorry it happened, McGow," said Talbot.

"That's all right," he answered. "They couldn't understand why I was driving them. And they wouldn't take it."

"But why didn't you tell them? Good Lord, man—"

"Oh, no," said Gribling. "That's out. Tell them they're working to hold down their jobs and of course they would speed up. And as soon as you decided not to put in the machines they would slow down again. That's not fair—we agreed to that."

"Yeah, we agreed to it," said McGow. "And I've got a hunch you knew what would happen when I started driving. You always manage to figure things out pretty closely."

"A little late for an alibi," laughed Gribling.

"That's no alibi. I'm just trying to tell you that they're my men—my gang—and when I think—" he turned and walked toward the door, opened it and paused to look at the master mechanic.

He stared at him, studied him, tried to understand him. But he could not. This man was cold as the steel he worked with. Machinery was his god. And on each succeeding tunnel he had introduced a set of whirling cogs and sliding rods to replace a few men. Now he had made his final move and the sand hog was to be a thing of the past. Some few of them would be kept to run the machinery—a mere handful of the reckless crew that had gambled their lives beneath the rivers. But the wild, cursing, fighting gangs that had poured their sweat into the building of the tubes, would not be there. And McGow knew that this was bad. He knew something more than machinery was needed to fight a river.

"Ah, what the hell. You couldn't understand about—men!" he said and slammed the door.

THE rattle and clang of flashing steel filled the tunnel heading. The shield looked strangely empty. It was a huge drum that fitted like a bracelet around the forward section of the tunnel—a circlet of steel with a sharp cutting edge that drove forward into the muck. Around its rim was a set of heavy hydraulic jacks. When pressure was applied to these pistons they forced backward against the completed tunnel lining and the entire shield was driven forward into the river bed. And through the open pockets great streams of black silt poured into the tunnel.

Once there had been men to handle this silt—shovel it into the muck cars and send it away to the shaft. They were gone now. Belt conveyors spun endlessly, scooping the powdered rock and dumping it into the cars. And above, around the circular roof of the tube, another machine tightened the bolts that drew the iron segments to a watertight joint.

Two monstrous negroes stood beside it. They had once been iron men—men who swung a seventy-five pound wrench for hours at a time. Men who raced through their work in the hope of setting a record no other gang could match. Now they were automatons, set to guide a machine and keep it running.

Standing beside an empty muck car, Driver McGow looked at the handful of men that had once been his gang. He saw Red Mullans shut down the power on the belt conveyor. Watched him as he walked slowly toward the telephone and lifted the receiver.

"What's wrong, Red?" called McGow.

"Machine ain't runnin' right," said Red. "I'm callin' for a mechanic."

"You and the Swede grab shovels and load a few cars till it's fixed." The order

slipped out before McGow realized he had spoken. It was habit. A holdover from the time when his gang raced against time to get the work done.

"What's your hurry?" said Red. He turned to the telephone, gave an order and lurched back toward the shield. He lifted a shovel and jabbed listlessly at the silt.

"What you do?" asked the Swede. "We ain't muckers no more—Dat machine—he do the work."

"Driver says to load by hand till it's fixed," growled Red.

"Dat guy go crazy for sure," said the Swede.

"Yeah—he's crazy like a fox. Drove us till we couldn't stand up just before they put in the machines. Wanted to get the last drop of blood. Yeah—he's crazy."

"Wonder what make him change like dat. He used to be good guy."

"I don't know. But you better move that shovel or he'll be kickin' you out. He's ready to make a shove."

As he spoke, the entire mass of the shield trembled. Six thousand pounds of pressure were directed against the jacks. The pistons thrust back. The huge circle of steel ripped its knife edges into the river bed. And black silt gushed through the lower pockets.

Inch by inch the shield crept forward. Air screamed through the openings, twisting and shredding the thick blanket of fog in the tunnel. A tension caught the men in the heading as it always did when a shovel was made.

THIS was the crucial moment of tunnel building. When the shield was advanced the danger point was reached. The disturbance of the river bed caused a leakage of air. The pressure dropped, mist clouded the tube, water gurgled into the lower section of the tunnel—slow at first then faster and faster. The men jammed bags and mud into the crevices around the shield, blocking the holes, saving the precious air.

A small percentage of the river bed must be allowed to flow in through the pockets. Not too much—merely enough to allow the shield to hold to its proper direction. And it rolled down into the bottom in a sluggish mass, stinking, rank, foul with the stench of centuries.

"That's enough!" cried McGow to the man who manipulated the controls. "Close those lower doors."

The shield-driver spun a handle. Hydraulic pressure was directed to the heavy gate that hung above each of the lower pockets. They started down, biting into the black streams of silt. Half way to the lower sills they stopped.

"Close 'em!" yelled McGow. "Do you

guys want the whole damned river in here?"

"They're jammed!" called the shield-driver. "Stuck tight! I got six thousand on them and they won't budge."

For a moment there was a silence. The men in the bottom looked to McGow. The blacks stopped their work and stared. The shield-driver stood motionless. Even the air seemed to pause in its screaming journey through the river bed.

Driver McGow leaped forward. Ten years beneath the river had taught him how to meet this emergency. It had happened before and might happen again whenever tunnels were built. That stream of silt must be blocked before a channel was formed in the river bed. Once the air found an unobstructed passage through the muck, it would explode upward with the force of all the many tons of pressure in the tunnel.

"Get me a plank, Red," he cried. "You, Swede—get a few timbers up here. Hurry man! Jump to it!"

Red Mullans dropped his shovel. He stared at the twisting stream of black silt that spewed into the bottom. He listened to the air screaming through the breech. And he laughed.

"Like hell I will!" he yelled. "I'm goin'."

HE turned and started up the tunnel. The Swede watched him in open-mouthed wonder until he had taken five steps. Down went the Swede's shovel. And he followed. The blacks were climbing down the flanges of the iron, swinging at arms length like giant apes. They leaped to the floor and ran.

McGow cursed and reached for a timber. He thrust it into the pocket. And from behind, a dozen paces up tunnel he heard a pounding of boots. Gribling was running toward the shield.

"Where are you going, you dogs?" cried the master mechanic as he crashed into the men. "Afraid of the river?"

"Let your damn machines fight it," said Red. "We're getting out while we can."

Gribling cursed and struck at Red with a wrench. The movement was automatic, born of its own volition. For the space of an instant Gribling ceased to be a master mechanic and became a tunnel builder. And he saw a tunnel being lost.

"Hey, McGow!" he called. "Look at 'em! Look at your sand hogs. These are the rats you fought for. They're running—damn them. They're running."

McGow did not answer. The air had found its way into the breech and was bursting up through the river bed. There was no need now to stop the silt from pouring in. It had stopped of its own accord. A round swirling hole had formed in the pocket. A whirlpool of flying silt and water had started and the pressure was lashing into it. Fog closed in tightly and shrouded the heading in a white veil. A strident, howling screech of escaping air shut off all other sounds.

Driver McGow braced himself at the bottom of the shield. He hurled timbers and planks into the breech, wedging them, bracing them for an instant and they were splintered and whirled up into the spinning maw. Gribling joined him. And together they fought the blow. Bags, tools, coats, planks—anything and everything they could lay hands upon was fed to the whirlpool. Stop it they must or the pressure would be exhausted. And with the pressure gone the river would surge in upon them.

"The other pocket—is it open?" cried Gribling.

"Yes," answered Driver.

"Then we're through. We can't stop them both. Let's get out, Driver—we're licked."

"Go—go if you want," shouted McGow. "Go—and take your damn machines with you."

Driver McGow lifted a plank. He hurled it into the pocket. And suddenly he knew he was alone. Gribling had figured their chance with a mathematical sureness. Nothing could stop the river. But there would be other tunnels. And Gribling had left.

Yes, it was all over, thought McGow. He would keep on flinging timbers into the breach. But that wouldn't stop the river. Nothing could stop the river—except men. He had battled other rivers before and he had won. But there had been a fighting, cursing gang of sand hogs at his back. Now he was alone. And he was through, licked, left alone in a tunnel to die.

He remembered a time when the river had broken into the Holland Tunnel. Ah, that had been a fight. A good fight. Red Mullans was with him then. And the fiery haired Irishman had raged about the heading like a maniac, laughing at the river, daring it to come in and get him. And the Swede had made history when he had lifted a four hundred pound flat car from the tracks and staggered into the pocket, hurling it into the blow. Men still talked of that in the locker rooms and restaurants near tunnel shafts.

Driver splashed through the fluid mud that circled his knees. He pawed about in the fog, searching for timbers. Yes, things had been different on the old jobs. The fierce pride of the sand hogs had driven them to perform the work of giants. How they had strutted and bragged. They were the kings of labor, doing things no other men dared. And their fight with the river had been a personal thing. Driver could count a friend lost for every tunnel driven, a man left behind in the mud with a hollow iron tube to mark his grave. Yes, they were giants. And they had asked no quarter.

But that was long ago—four weeks ago. McGow laughed. Four weeks. And in those four weeks machines had destroyed them. There were no more sand hogs—they were machine tenders. The machines were fighting the river.

He lifted a bag of cement and staggered back to the shield. Water was coming in through the lower section of the pocket. He spat in it. Machines! Machines fighting a river. Well, why didn't they fight it now? Why didn't they do something? Again he laughed. And he turned to the belt conveyor.

"Come on machine!" he cried. "Come on, damn you! Let's see you stop the river."

THE sound of his own voice startled him. And he paused for a sight of himself. Driver McGow—branded by his own men—and left alone to fight a river. He lifted his mud splattered arms and clenched his fists. Above him the curving roof of the tunnel was barely visible through the mists. And ninety feet above that roof, up through a slimy river bed and fifty feet of water, the sun was shining. Gribling was up there now, telling Talbot the tunnel was lost—that the men had run and would not fight the river.

But Gribling was a liar. There was one sand hog left. Driver McGow was fighting—fighting a battle he didn't expect to win, didn't want to win.

Again he forced a timber into the opening, and he waited for the air to tear it and spin it away. But the timber held. And Driver McGow cursed, and laughed, and screamed at the river. He lifted another timber and jammed it home. It held. And he crammed planks and bags into the crevices. Pounded them tight with his doubled fists. And they too, held. The air lifted its voice to a shriller scream. It whined like a beaten thing. And Driver McGow laughed louder.

He leaped about in the darkness, working with the speed of a dozen men. He plastered the pocket solid with mud and hay, and lurched away from it, roaring at it, mocking it. He staggered across the tunnel to the opposite pocket. It was a lurching, drunken journey. For McGow was nearly through. But the fight was only half won. Air would be hurling through this other pocket too. It had to be stopped. And McGow knew he had no strength left. He couldn't stop it. He was licked.

"You ran, Gribling," he yelled. "Ran out and left me. Left me with your machines. And they couldn't help me. Nobody could help me. Nobody but my gang. And you broke them, Gribling—broke them."

Reason was gone. Driver McGow was fighting his last fight. He was going to die beneath the river and he knew it. But he wanted to die. His world was gone. His world of driving men, sweating backs, proud, arrogant fools who worked because they loved it. They were gone. All gone. And it was time for him to go.

His splashing steps carried him closer to the pocket. He heard the roar of air as it thundered through the opening. He bent above a timber, striving with all the strength that was left in his back to lift it. His fingers slipped. He plunged forward onto his face. And the slimy mud gushed into his mouth. He spat. He coughed. And he struggled erect. Again he gripped the timber and heaved. One step, two, another—and his head butted into a naked back.

His fingers lost their grip upon the wood. He stretched a hand forward. Touched the mud caked skin, drifted upward and clenched in a thatch of red hair. He jerked it to him.

"Red!" he cried. "Red Mullans—what—"

"Leggo me hair. And give me a hand with this timber. The Swede's gone after a flat car."

THE shout that came from McGow's throat was a cry of victory. He wasn't alone. His men had come back. And they were fighting the blow. His men—his sand hogs were fighting the river. He felt new strength surging through him. He laughed—loud. And he lifted the timber and hurled it forward. He thrashed about the heading. Black shapes suddenly loomed out of the fog. The men of the iron gang were carrying cement to the pocket. And they were grinning—fighting, and enjoying the fight. McGow felt like a giant.

"We'll lick you, river!" he cried.

From behind him came a Norse oath. The Swede plunged into the heading. His face was wild, his lips were back and his blond hair tangled above his eyes.

"There be no flat car here," he cried. "But we lick you, river. By Gar—we lick you!"

Red Mullans rushed forward, shouting, cursing, a six foot plank cradled in his arms. They forced it into the pocket. The negroes piled cement bags against it. And they howled as they worked. McGow pawed about for more boards, laughing, roaring—jibing at the river.

But the river was fighting, too. With a grinding sound of tearing wood the breast-work bent beneath the pressure of the air. It cracked. And timbers, boards and bags were twisted away into maelstrom. Air howled through the pocket.

"I wish we have one flat car," growled the Swede. "We stop him then—you bet. Something big, yeah!"

McGow was lifting a timber. Something big! Something big enough to block that pocket! He turned to the belt conveyor, and his laugh was wild as the scream of the air.

"The machine!" he cried. "Red—Swede—grab the end of that conveyor. Iron men (Continued on page 40)

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(Continued from page 38)
—help them you black beggars."

The gang milled about one end of the twenty foot machine. The long frame was hinged in the center upon an axle, and its wheels were deep in the mud. They tore at it, set their naked shoulders beneath the half ton of steel.

Crouched beneath the opposite end was McGow. His legs were wide spread. Sinews knotted and bunched upon his arms. The cords in his neck drew taut beneath the skin. His mouth was a slit that grew wider, thinner.

"Can you make it, Drive—" Red Mullans bit down upon the word. "Can you make it, Luke?"

"Lift!" cried McGow, as the name poured strength into his back.

They lifted. The machine rose from the

sudden mud. They heaved. It smashed against the pocket and was held fast by the thrust of the air.

"Now give me a plank, men," he said. "A plank—and by God we've licked it."

"Coming at you," cried a voice. And McGow knew it was the voice of the superintendent.

"What you doing down here, Talbot?"

"Working for Luke McGow, right now," said the superintendent, and threw a plank against the barricade. "Gribling said you were short of men."

"He's a liar. I've got men—good men."

The rush of air was slackening. They plastered mud about the boards, packing it tightly, beating it in with their hands. More bags were piled against it. The Swede walloped into the muck with a flat car held high above his head.

"Look! I find one!" His laugh was loud and long as he hurled it from him. "Maybe I don't see good before, eh?"

"Maybe none of us did," said Mullans and he grinned when Luke McGow threw a piece of mud at him.

Quickly as it had started, the blow was stopped. The pressure in the tube mounted swiftly and dissipated the clouds of fog. A tired group of men stood in the bottom. And there was pride in the face of each. For once again the sand hogs had beaten a river.

The superintendent looked long at the belt conveyors. And he scratched his chin with a muddy finger.

"Wonder how much of a price those things will bring as second hand machinery?" he asked quietly. "Not much, I guess. It takes men to build a tunnel."

Tin Pan Alley Anthem

(Continued from page 15)

Haven't I got it tough enough with my friends and relatives who think they can write music and lyrics without your shoving a composer at me? Why can't you fall in love with a dentist or C.P.A.?

Tell your heart-throb to see me Tuesday at two. Make it next Tuesday, not this, and I hope I'm at home sick in bed. I'd rather be sick any time than have to listen.

Wearily, and shame on you for this,

MO/fs

Moe Ornstein

Mr. Fred Bender 354 W. 12 St.
151 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.
New York, N. Y. October 6

Dear Fred:

I've arranged for you to play for Mr. Ornstein of Tinkle Tunes. He's a very good friend of mine and will be glad to hear your compositions. You'll find him a very real, exceptionally nice person and he assures me he will take a personal interest in you.

Mr. Ornstein is a very busy man and finds that the earliest he can hear you is a week from Tuesday, that's a week from today, at two in the afternoon. The appointment is all set. In the meantime, I advise you to keep practicing the song over and over. The better a tune is played at an audition, the better its chances for a sale. The one you played the other night, called Milady Love, I think it was, would be your best bet of all I heard. I strongly advise against showing him the words you wrote for it. Milady Love may be a good enough title, but to me it somehow doesn't fit that type of song. If he likes your tune, he'll have a lyric written to it and maybe he'll team you up with a regular lyric writer.

Yes, I'll be glad to have dinner with you tomorrow night. But you must come down to my place. I'll cook us such a dinner. I love monkeying with pots and pans around my own stove. Then you can play for me after and I'll sing. My piano is full of the bluest notes you ever heard. But that shouldn't make much difference since you're writing modern harmonies anyway.

My best till I see you at seven sharp. Don't come formal. Florence.

Mrs. Mabel Voorhees, 354 West 12th St.
New Milford, Conn. New York City
Oct. 7

Mabs Darling:

It's happened to me! To me! I'm in it way up to here and the very thought of him makes me shiver and quake violently. Now I know God's in His heaven and all's right with the world since my Freddy came into my life. That's his name. Fred Ben-

der. And he's *such* a darling! I'm breathless and he thinks I'm quite a girl myself.

Oh, he doesn't say much and may be just a teeny bit unclerk and loaded with self-confidence; but he's so completely unspoiled so far that he's like a breath of fresh air. And he can write music. What I mean, MUSIC!

He was quite the Galahad when I was in distress in a phone booth. No, I had a nickel. It was that Benny Bersky. You remember I spoke about that Bersky menace the last time you were down? The little squid, Benny, I mean, got the idea that mine was the skin he loves to touch and proceeded to do so publicly when Freddy told him he didn't with appropriate gestures. That's how I met Freddy and bless Benny for it. I even forgive him stealing from Beethoven, Bach, *et al.*, now.

Concerning my Freddy. He really isn't stupid. He's just shy away from his piano and acts as if I'm one of the untouchables. There's something holding him back and I don't know what it is. Can it be I'm losing my lure? Trust Floppy to find out what ails her man. Even if I have to make the advances, this man shall be mine.

We had dinner tonight here in this little heaven of mine and I'm sure it was a diabolically smart move on my part. He certainly enjoys his food and the kind I gave him was sheer, shameless propaganda.

He's dedicating his songs to me. Is that progress? Also, you may be amused and amazed to learn that little Florence can be thrilled on top of a bus. Me, thrilled all over a bus! Not only that; I've discovered an island called Staten through Freddy. On a ferry. He likes ferry rides, and by a strange coincidence, I just learned I adore ferry rides too. He must have Viking blood in his veins. If it gets real cold one of these nights maybe he'll offer to put something around me to keep me warm. Like an arm—I hope. Oh, where are the blizzards of '88!

I'm coming up to see you one of these fine days you can tell me how you went grabbing off your man, Bill. How is the sweet idiot? I'm glad you stole him away from me. You saved me for Freddy.

Excitedly, Floppy.

Dear Diary:

She's wonderful. So simple and beautiful and democratic. I know I am madly in love with her and don't know what I can do about it. I wonder if anyone was ever in my position. Engaged to one girl and mad about another. I wonder if it wouldn't be an injustice to Sally, marrying her when

my heart belongs to Florence. But, then, I don't suppose a girl like Florence could ever go for me after the fellows she must know. Maybe she'll like me for my music even if I haven't the wit the New York fellows have. They all sound so clever. I wish I could be like them. Maybe she won't think me such a hick when I click and am a celebrity like Gershwin.

I think his stuff is a lot like mine, only mine has more swing and is easier to sing. I wish I knew what to do and still be fair to Sally. I think a fellow is wrong to saddle himself with obligations before he knows who he will meet and what he can do through their help.

Mr. William Drake, 151 W. 47th St.
The Sentinel New York City
Riverdale, Vt. October 13

Butch you dirty so-and-so:

What was the idea showing my letters to Sally? Haven't you any sense at all? I wrote you in strict confidence and you go blabbing that I'm running around and carrying on with all kinds of fast Broadway women. Miss Hilton is a very nice person and when I wrote you that she took an interest in me, it was a strictly business interest. Now Sally's been writing me the nastiest kinds of letters, all on account of you. She thinks I'm having an affair behind her back and wants me to come right back home. My mother, too. Now see what you did? I'll personally fracture your skull when I see you.

Fred

Miss Sally Foster 151 W. 47th St.
21 Elm Lane New York City
Riverdale, Vt. October 13

Dear Sally:

You are all wrong and I am surprised you can write such nasty things to me. I just didn't think it was necessary to tell you about Miss Hilton because there is nothing to tell. Anyway, I knew you would misunderstand. Miss Hilton is merely a friend and a very nice person. She is the nicest person I ever met, so it's natural for me to write enthusiastic things about her like I did to Butch. I was really only trying to get a rise out of him anyway, her being a radio star and all like that. A fellow is very lucky to find a friend like her and I have to have some friends, don't I? They might as well be nice ones. Besides, her interest in me is purely of a business nature and she is helping me toward my goal.

So you see you are all wrong about her. You really ought to be grateful for what she is doing for me and not think such

(Continued on page 42)

Marooned with a Mental Mummy?

... light an Old Gold



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WHEN a tropical typhoon traps you on a desert isle with a muddle-minded cavalier, don't waste away waiting for the rescue. Relax! . . . Light a sunny-smooth Old Gold. Its mellow fragrance will soothe your nerves and turn your predicament into a paradise.

ONLY FINE OLD TOBACCO can give that natural aroma and fragrance of Old Gold cigarettes

AT TRYING TIMES . . . TRY A *Smooth OLD GOLD*

(Continued from page 40)

nasty things about a perfectly swell girl who I am not the least bit interested in the way you think even if she is very beautiful and who is not interested in me in that way either.

I want to thank you for the last cake you sent. It was delicious. I liked it better than the layer cake you sent last week. Miss Hilton said whoever made it is a good cook and she bet it was my mother when I told her it came from Riverdale. I went up to see her at her place the other night to play some of my tunes and I brought your cake along. We had it for dessert after Miss Hilton made a very nice supper for us.

So now I hope you understand that between me and her there is nothing but a bond of friendship and she is helping me to get ahead.

Love, and regards to your folks,

Fred

TINKLE TUNES PUBLISHING CO.
1580 Broadway
New York City

Miss Florence Hilton Oct. 14
354 W. 12 St.
New York City

Dear Florence:

I'm sorry to hand you this, but your boy friend Bender is a swiftie and too slow to get away with it.

He has his nerve sitting down to my piano and admitting he wrote a number Benny Bersky wrote and brought in to me last week. I will say, when your boy friend lifts, he picks dandies to steal. That won't get him very far and I advise you to warn him against that sort of practice. He seems too nice a kid to start off the wrong way in this racket and he's certainly started wrong.

I don't know where he heard the Bersky tune, as it isn't published yet and hasn't been plugged; but he sure did hear it and can write anything he's ever heard. Almost note for note.

Sorry, and yours for good singing,
MO/fs Moe Ornstein

Oct. 14

Dear Diary:

I am puzzled. Mr. Ornstein was very nice to me until I played half way through Miday Love. Then he told me to get up and he sat down and played the rest of the song through without even looking at my manuscript. He made some nasty comment about being original and wouldn't listen to any more of my songs. All of a sudden he was cold to me. I wonder what the reason is. When I asked him how he knew my song, he said he must have heard it somewhere, too, like I did. When I insisted I didn't hear it anywhere, but that I wrote it all myself, he walked out on me and left me flat without another word.

Dear Diary: Oct. 15

Now what could I have done to annoy Florence? She didn't keep a date we had for tonight and when I called her up, she seemed distant and reserved. I wonder if she suspects I have a girl back home. I remember she did say something jokingly about the cake. Something like she bet there is someone in Riverdale who sends me good things. When I didn't answer that she said it wouldn't surprise her if I did have a girl.

And Sally is certainly getting bossy in her letters, even if she does write how much she still loves me. She can't love me very much if she insists I drop my career and come home right away. If she takes that attitude now, what will she be like later on? Now that I think of it, she's nearly a year older than me, and besides, I bet she will get fat like her mother.

Miss Florence Hilton 151 West 47th St.
354 W. 12th St. New York City
New York City Oct. 23

Dear Florence:

What have I done to offend you that you treat me like this? Why don't you answer my letters? This makes the sixth one I've written and still you don't answer. And why do you hang up when I call on the phone? When you hear my voice, you always hang right up on me.

Whatever it is I've done, I'm sorry. Won't you tell me what it is so I can make amends? If it's because Mr. Ornstein didn't like my song, I can write more and better ones. Please, won't you tell me what it is and give me a chance to set myself straight with you again? It matters terribly to me.

Please,

Fred

Mrs. Mabel Voorhees, 354 W. 12th St.
New Milford, Conn. New York City
Oct. 23

Mabs Dear:

All men are beasts. Every last one of them from the cradle to the carpet-slipper age. That's not a quote from any profound writer. It's just my own observation on man, Freddy included. I'm too full up to write any more about it, but it's a sordid tale. When I see you, maybe. So save all your tears and prepare to have a good cry with me when I come up.

Miserably,

Flops

Mr. Fred Bender 354 W. 12th St.
151 W. 47th St. New York City
New York City Oct. 24

Dear Mr. Bender:

Surely you must be able to take a hint. To make it very plain, I cannot see you again and must ask you not to phone, call or write.

Since you plead ignorance so innocently, Mr. Ornstein wrote me the day you played for him and told me of your bald attempt at tune thieving. And that was the song you were going to dedicate to me. I could forgive almost anything but an outright theft, and a theft from Benny Bersky at that. Surely you can plagiarize from better composers.

Florence Hilton

Mr. Fred Bender 18 Elm Lane
151 W. 47 St. Riverdale, Vt.
New York City Oct. 27

Dear Son:

What is the matter? Why haven't I had a letter from you in the past two weeks? Are you ill? Has something happened? I am so worried and don't know what to think. Nobody else in town has heard from you lately, either, so how can I help but think awful things? Father says he will send you money only on condition that you use it for train fare home and refuses absolutely to allow me to send you any, especially since he found out about that last money order for twenty-five dollars I sent you.

Write at once. I am so anxious about you.

Love,

Mother

P.S.—If you are in trouble, confide in your father. He is a man of the world and understands about such things. He will help and advise you.

THE RIVERDALE SENTINEL
RIVERDALE, VERMONT
Mr. Fred Bender Oct. 29
151 W. 47th St.
New York City
Hi Slob!

Why in hell don't you write? I suppose it's that tomato you raved about so much. She must be keeping you so hotted up

your pores are wide open. Take time out, sweetheart, and close them. First thing you know you'll be caught in a draft and after the first couple of sneezes, you'll wake up one fine day to find yourself dead.

Now I don't suppose I'll be exactly breaking your heart when I tell you that little Sal is becoming quite a pal to Sammy Swain. If you know where to look, and I do, you can spot them almost any time holding hands and *et cetera*, as if each is afraid to let the other go. It's a liberal education to watch them. Sally is a smart little gal and Sam's pop has one of the best businesses in the State. To Sally, your dad's music teaching can't hold a candle to Swain's thriving hardware store. Am I making myself lucid even to you, dear heart's blood? I never could see Sally myself—that's why I let you have her. And as for Sammy Swain—well, I hope they are stuck on and with each other.

Now sit you down and write a guy how you're doing. Send me any clips you have on yourself so far. We have to fill the *Sentinel* somehow.

Love and kisses,

Butch

COHEN BROTHERS PIANOS

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Mr. Fred Bender, Dr. November 6

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New York City

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NOTE: UNLESS YOU REMIT AT ONCE
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PAWN TICKET

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November 10

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RECEIPT.

Mr. Fred Bender
151 W. 47th St.
New York City

Mrs. Mabel Voorhees, 354 W. 12th St.
New Milford, Conn. New York City
November 14

Darling Mab:

I'm that happy again! I'm coming up to see you and the folks day after tomorrow, so meet the 5:09 and be well rehearsed in all the scandal you're dying to tell me. I can stay two whole days before returning for one of my celebrated alleged broadcasts.

Yes, it's Freddy. We've made up. I didn't tell you why we weren't seeing eye to eye because I was too, too miserable, and anyway, I knew I'd have to give in soon and clasp him to my bosom again. Just a little misunderstanding that was more my fault than his. And don't anyone ever tell me I'm not a pretty good little tactician in my own right. I held him off long enough to find out I can't do without him and also to let him discover for himself that little Flops is a very necessary ingredient to his attainment of the fuller life. Honest, I was pretty far gone. I even alibied his missteps and thought up innumerable little excuses for him. When a girl does that for a man, it's curtains. She's gone on him.

Prepare to offer hospitality to a gal effervescent with the great emotion. I may rave a little; but that's the way he affects me when I talk about him, which I do even to myself.

Oodles 'n' oodles,
Flops

November 14

Dear Diary:

Well, I can lick the world again. I took matters in my own hands today and a good thing I did. I've been following Florence around wherever she goes for days, ever since she wouldn't see me because she thought I was a song plagiarist. Today, after her broadcast, I followed her from the studio to the restaurant where she always eats after her broadcasts, and I stood outside watching her from the window. Suddenly, I got mad and couldn't stand it any longer, so I marched right in for a showdown. When she saw it was me, she tried to get up but I held her down and made her listen. I told her plenty about how unjust she was for condemning me without a hearing and then I reminded her that I played that Bersky song before Tinkle ever published it, so I couldn't have heard it and stolen it from Bersky. I told her how I wrote it in Riverdale before I ever came to New York.

Then a funny thing happened. She got all fussed and said she was a beast for ever doubting me in the first place and it didn't make a bit of difference if Ornstein thought I was a tune thief. She didn't. Not for a minute really. She sort of began to cry and when I kissed her, everybody looked at us but we didn't care a whoop. We left and went up to my room so I could play her my new song. The one I wrote since we broke up. Only I couldn't play it for her because those piano people sneaked in while I was out and took the piano, because I hadn't payed them the rent for it.

Anyway, Florence did a very generous thing. She called Mr. Ornstein and made him promise to hear me again. He didn't want to at first, but Florence made him give in so I'm to play for him again day after tomorrow. This new song will show him I can write music. I've been slaving over it, putting all my heartbreak and despair into it. Maybe it's a good thing Florence broke off with me. If she hadn't, most likely I wouldn't have been inspired to write such a grand song.

She said it was too bad Bersky beat me in with the other tune and that such things often happen that two composers get the same melodic idea. That's why most popular songs sound so much alike, I guess. I guess Bersky is moved by the same inspiration that moves me. His song, *Wanna Do a Duet*, is so much like *Milady Love* that it's hard to tell them apart. In fact, there's no difference except in the middle. He's going to make a lot of money out of it. So will his lyric writer, Al Dorf. It's the biggest thing on the air already and sheet music is selling by the ton. Lucky guy. A couple of days and I'd have beaten him in.

Oh, well, nothing can stop me now that Florence is friendly again. I kissed her a couple of times, and after the third time I didn't even think of Sally at all. I couldn't think of anything as a matter of fact.

TINKLE TUNES PUBLISHING CO.
1580 Broadway, New York City
Miss Florence Hilton, November 16
354 West 12th Street,
New York City.
Dear Florence:

Your boy friend Bender seems to have a preference for Bersky tunes. I heard him again and this time he assured me he had a honey. And so he had. He had Bersky's latest. The one I'm enclosing, *Love, Where Is Thy Sting?*

Bersky brought it in several days ago and it's far and away the best torch I've ever heard. And I've heard them all. Something must have happened to Bersky's love-life. Until recently that baby's devoted himself entirely to perpetuating the works of the old masters. These days he's really inspired, and much as I dislike the twirp

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WATCH YOUR STEP!



ATHLETE'S FOOT isn't as deadly as the GILA MONSTER . . . but it's a thousand times more widespread

● Although horrible to look at, the gila monster has some of the beauty of excellent beadwork. But there is nothing lovely about *tinea trichophyton* (the fungus which causes Athlete's Foot).

The Athlete's Foot fungus may be lurking right now on your bathroom floor, or in the locker room at your club or gym.

Not until the boring, dreaded fungus has prodded its way into the tender flesh between your toes do you know it's got you. Then—redness, tiny itching blisters appear. Perhaps—excessive moisture, white, dead-looking skin, swelling and pain begin to plague you. Any of those signs may mean ATHLETE'S FOOT is digging into your toes!

Use Absorbine Jr. at Once

At the very first symptom—douse on Absorbine Jr.! Laboratory tests show that it kills *tinea trichophyton* in thirty seconds after it has penetrated to the pest.

Always keep Absorbine Jr. in your medicine cabinet and in the locker at your club or gym. Use it after every bath to refresh your feet and kill the fungus before it has a chance to dig in. Even your socks must be boiled 15 minutes to kill the fungus.

Don't be a victim of the switch racket. Good dealers will give you the genuine Absorbine Jr. when you ask for it. Refuse substitutes . . . It's thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. At all druggists \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, and SUNBURN

personally, I've got to give credit where credit is due. He means money to Tinkle Tunes.

Of course I had Bender thrown out on his ear when he insisted it was his song. It's too bad about that one. He's all wrong and I tried to tell him so, but he got mad and wanted to fight. He'll never get to first base behaving that way.

Drop him quick, girlie. A guy who'll steal a tune will play his girl dirty every chance he gets, so don't give him a chance.

Best,
MO/is

Moe Ornstein.

Encl: One copy

"Love, Where Is Thy Sting?"

Dear Diary:

Nov. 16

It happened again. I'm mad. I'm boiling. Ornstein threw me out bodily this time after showing me my new song already published. It's by Benny Bersky again and is called Love, Where Is Thy Sting?

I can't understand it. It's note for note my new song that I put everything I had into. Ornstein wouldn't believe me when I argued it with him. I tried to call Florence to tell her all about it, but she's not home. She's out of town visiting her folks. If Ornstein wouldn't believe me, Florence has got to. She just must. Only she never heard me play this before it was published like the other one Bersky beat me in with. But she'll know I'm telling the truth.

Now I wonder. It can happen once; but can it happen twice in the same place? If Bersky weren't an old timer and established as a song writer, I'd swear he stole from me. I don't know what to think. I wish I did. I wish Florence gets home quick so I can ask her what she thinks.

TELEGRAM

MISS FLORENCE HILTON
354 W 12 ST NYC NOV. 18 1:35 PM
DESPERATE YOU MUST ANSWER
YOUR PHONE OR COME DOWN TO
DRUGSTORE

FRED

TELEGRAM

MISS FLORENCE HILTON
354 W 12 ST NYC NOV 18 3:20 PM
MUST TALK TO YOU GOING CRAZY
PLEASE COME TO DRUGSTORE

FRED

Dear Diary:

Nov. 18

She won't listen to me. Life is a burden. I think I will get drunk. I will end it all.

Mrs. Mabel Vorhees, 354 West 12th St.
New Milford, Conn. New York City
Nov. 18

Mabs dear:

Men are not only beasts, they're liars as well. I walked in on something when I came back from New Milford that knocked the pins right out from under me. I'll never, never get over it. I'm the prize sucker of them all and if I ever trust a man again, I'm going to shop for a straight-jacket trimmed with Alencon.

Your older, sadder and wiser
Florence

Dear Diary:

Nov. 20

She hates me. I tried to force myself on her in the restaurant again today. She called the manager and had me put out. When I tried a second time, the manager called a policeman. Life is an empty jest and an unbearable burden. I will end it all.

Miss Florence Hilton, 151 West 47th St.
354 West 12th Street, New York City
New York City. Nov. 23

Florence dear, darling,

You must give me a chance to explain in person. Surely all my letters must have convinced you I didn't try to steal this

tune too. I wrote it, God knows, out of blood and tears. I can prove it by Mrs. Healy, my landlady. I had been playing that song over and over again for at least a week before Bersky ever brought it to Ornstein. She even threatened to make me move unless I stopped playing it and fixing it up because all the roomers complained.

I don't care about anything any more except you. Music means nothing to me compared to you. It is you. It has always been you from the first time I ever saw you. I felt it then and I know it now. It will be you always, forever. You are everything that is holy to me. I wouldn't, I couldn't, lie to you. You must believe in me. Just this once again and let me prove I am not a tune thief. If you don't give me a chance I will do away with myself. Yes, I mean it. Because without you life is but an empty, futile nothing.

Please,

Fred.

Mr. Fred Bender, 354 West 12th St.
151 West 47th St., New York City
New York City. Nov. 24

Mr. Bender:

I approve most heartily of your proposed action and believe me when I say I think it cannot possibly be too violent to suit me. Gas in quantities would be a good method; though personally, I would advise any floor above the fiftieth of The Empire State Building for you. I know a lawyer on the fifty-seventh floor and I am sure he will oblige you with a window. When shall I tell him you will call? And please look below before you leap so that the lives of innocent passersby will not be endangered.

You enter heaven with my best wishes. No doubt you will be welcome there until you begin playing the tunes of the other angels on your harp.

I shall be watching the newspapers hopefully for your obituary.

Florence Hilton.

TELEGRAM

MISS FLORENCE HILTON
354 W 12 ST NYC NOV. 25
HOW CAN YOU BE SO CRUEL WHEN
I LOVE YOU

FRED

Mr. Fred Bender, 354 West 12th St.
151 West 47th St., New York City
New York City. Nov. 25

I am surprised and disappointed to learn you are still alive. I know you will take immediate steps to remedy your oversight. Your protestations of love are ludicrous. Please desist. They make me despise you more—if that is possible under the circumstances.

F. H.

Dear Diary:

Nov. 26

How she hates me! How can she be so flippant, so heartless when I stand on the brink of eternity? I despise her. No, I love her. I hate her and will show her I am sincere. When she understands, she will be sorry.

NEW YORK NEWS-TELEGRAM

BURGLAR BURGLES GAS
Love-sick Youth Attempts

Gas Theft for Suicide

New York, Nov. 27 (By Affiliated Press)—A young man who gave his name as Fred Bender, 23, of 151 W. 47th Street, forced a window last night in the apartment of Miss Florence Hilton, radio blues-singer of West 12th St., for the purpose, he confessed to Magistrate O'Ryan in Night Court, of showing her.

The attempt and gas theft were foiled when Miss Hilton, entering her apartment, saw the burglar hovering over her gas range. She screamed lustily. Patrolman

Shevelin answered her rich contralto and made the arrest over Miss Hilton's subsequent protests.

The singer refused to press charges and the burglar, maudlinly incandescent with repeal liquor, received a suspended sentence from the understanding Magistrate, who listened to the would-be suicider's stammered story of unrequited love and reprimanded him thus:

"Stealing gas from her and littering up your lady-love's nice clean kitchen with your corpse is no way to show your devotion. Unless you succeed in your next attempt, the Court will sentence you to 30 days for criminal fumbling. And next time, close the window so the gas won't leak out."

TELEGRAM

MR FRED BENDER
151 W 47 St NYC NOV 27
RIVERDALE VT
IDIOT COME HOME IMMEDIATELY
STOP I KNOW A BETTER WAY
DAD

THE RIVERDALE SENTINEL

Riverdale, Vermont

Mr. Fred (Gas-Bandit) Bender
151 W. 47th St.
New York City Nov. 27

Dear Love-Sick Youth:

Boyoboy, you did it with a bang! What a story! What a write-up! That's keeping the old promises to me, ol' kid, ol' kid.

It was a honey and you sure made the front page, picture and everything right in *The Sentinel*. Big streamer, "Local Boy Makes Good." When the story came in over the wire, I beat it over to your house and lifted your confirmation and graduation pictures off the wall. I had your baptismal picture, too, only the boss was afraid of censors. We sold out the whole edition to the last copy, due to my gifts as an author.

Need I say I will be watching the wires for more of your amorous antics? Indeed, I need not. Congratulations, lad. Even if it wasn't a success interview, it was a write-up. Success! Will twenty bucks cure whatever it is that ails you? Let me know and I'll send it along—if I can get it.

Pull your socks up; out with the chin! You catch them easier that way.

As ever,

Butch

Mr. Fred Bender
151 W. 47th St.
New York City
Fred Bender:

21 Elm Lane
Riverdale, Vt.
Nov. 27

First I want to say I am amazed at your stupidity, Fred. And second that I am shocked that you could have toyed with my heart the way you have been doing all this time. Saying you loved me when all the time you were ready to die for another woman. You never offered to die for me. It only goes to show what trusting fools women are.

Don't think you can come crawling back expecting me to take you back again after this. I won't. Imagine how it makes me look to the folks here. I can understand now why you didn't answer my letters, and why you wouldn't come home. I can put two and two together and no matter what happens to you now it will serve you right.

I am returning your ring and hope I never see you again as I am now engaged to Sam Swain, who has given me a ring with a much larger stone.

Miss Sally Foster

Miss Florence Hilton New Milford, Conn.
354 W. 12th St. Nov. 27
New York City
Flops dearest—

You're all over the front page here at

"Money shouts where a dime buys this!"



RALPH BELLAMY, well-known motion picture star, Union Leader smoker since 1932

I USED to buy tobacco on the theory that the more you pay, the more you get. Then I learned that my arithmetic was all wet. Because the mellow, old Kentucky Burley in Union Leader packs more smoking

enjoyment than any fancy pipe mixture I've ever smoked—and it costs me **one dime**. When you halve your expense and double your pleasure—that's the kind of arithmetic I'm fond of. (Great in cigarettes, too.)

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"I wore the Director Belt and reduced my waistline from 42 to 33 inches. Practically all adipose tissue can surely be eliminated by its faithful use. I have recommended it to many of my patients."

(Signed) R. A. LOWELL
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How DIRECTOR Works

DIRECTOR is fitted to your individual measure without laces, hooks or buttons. Its elastic action causes a gentle changing pressure on the abdomen bringing results formerly obtained only by regular massage and exercise. Now all you have to do is slip on Director and watch results.

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This remarkable belt produces an instant improvement in your appearance the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape.

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"I received my belt last Monday," writes S. L. Brown, Trenton, N. J. "I feel 15 years younger; no more tired and bloated feelings after meals."

Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "shortness of breath," restores your vigor. You look and feel years younger the moment you start to wear a Director.

Break Constipation Habit

"I was 44 inches around the waist—now down to 37½—feel better—constipation gone—and know the belt has added years to my life." D. W. Bilderback, Wichita, Kans.

Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. The gentle changing action of Director increases elimination and regularity in a normal way without the use of harsh, irritating cathartics.

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Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

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SENt ON TRIAL
Reduce Like This
Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing.

home as a Lorelei who lures young men to destruction. (See enclosed clipping.) What, really, is it all about? I can't fathom it.

Is love really like that? Maybe I've missed something. What have you that I haven't that you can find a man in this day and age willing to kill himself for you?

You keep a stiff upper lip and speak to no one till you've seen me and can brag. I must know everything. I'll listen breathlessly without interrupting. Bill and I are coming down on Thursday on some business of his and some show-going, too. Till then, be brave.

Bill just said there is something fatal about you. He admits (the beast) that he nearly ended it all once on your account. Only, instead, he learned how to swim because he didn't know the lake was that deep where he jumped in.

Loads,

Mabs

Mr. Fred Bender 354 W. 12th St.
151 W. 47th St. New York City
New York City Dec. 2

Freddy darlingest:

Can you ever forgive me? I know all now and can't stand myself for being so stupid. If you never do forgive me it will serve me right . . . only, I do love you so, so much.

I discovered everything last night when I was visiting a friend of mine and her husband who are staying at The Shelby Hotel on Forty-Eighth Street. Her room looks almost directly into your room. You really should pull down the shade. The back of The Shelby stands back to back with Mrs. Healy's rooming house and I saw you and heard you arguing with your landlady to take a ring as security for the rent you owe her.

I can't go into detailed explanation now. Too much to do. I'll tell you all tonight. In the meantime, hold onto that ring. Maybe it fits me. And take this money enclosed—it's part of my dowry—to pay Mrs. Healy her rent. You're going to stay right there in that room for a while yet. Until I get things straightened out.

Another thing, I want you to play this song over and over again, incessantly, till I tell you to stop. I got it from Ornstein, who is in cahoots with us and nobody knows there is such a song in existence but Ornstein, the composer, you and me. Tinkle will publish it soon, but before that, this manuscript of it has a job to do. I've already hired a piano for you and it should be there any minute.

That's all for the present, except that I love you. I love you to the ultimatest ult and keep playing the song till I tell you to stop. It's most important.

All my love, every bit,
Florence

TINKLE TUNES PUBLISHING CO.

1580 Broadway
New York City

Mr. Fred Bender
151 W. 47th St.
New York, New York
Dear Sir:

December 8

Will you accept my most humble apologies and call to see me at your earliest convenience? I have done you a very grave injustice; but under the circumstances I am sure you understand and will not hold it against me or the Tinkle Tunes organization.

Our mutual friend, Miss Florence Hilton, has convinced me beyond a shadow of doubt that you, and not Mr. Ben Bersky, are the composer of two of our leading song hits. Naturally I intend to make it up to you to the last penny and would take it as a great favor if you will read over some contracts I have prepared for your signature. I would also like to talk with you concerning your future song output and can assure you of terms equal to or better than any you may be offered by our competitors.

Enclosed is my personal check for one thousand (\$1,000.00) dollars which represents part of royalties due you from sales of songs, "Wanna Do a Duet" and "Love, Where Is Thy Sting?" The balance still due you will be paid immediately upon receipt of figures from our accounting department. We are also removing Benny Bersky's name from all future prints of the songs mentioned and will replace it with your name.

Most cordially yours,
M. I. Ornstein

MO/ls
Encl: Check \$1,000.00

Dec. 10

VARIETY INSIDE STUFF—MUSIC

. . . Benny Bersky and Al Dorf have split. Duo responsible for two of Tinkle's current song smashes. Dorf now teamed with Fred Bender, newcomer to noise biz who steps into Bersky's place on Tinkle preferred list. Bersky off payroll there, also dropped from membership of Composers and Publishers Protective Ass'n. . . .



"Oh boy, two minutes more and my trout'll be done!"

Dear Diary:

Dec. 10

Life is now a bowl of cherries! Everything is on the up-beat, like my lyric writer, Al Dorf, says. And it's all because of Florence. She did it all and her friend was responsible too. At least her friend's headache was. When Florence went to visit her at The Shelby there was a party going on upstairs right above her room. Her friend complained to the manager about her headache and the noise, but the manager couldn't stop the party. So Florence went upstairs to put a stop to it herself and there she found Benny Bersky. He lives there and was giving the party to celebrate his success. Florence saw it all. She figured if she could hear me so plainly arguing with Mrs. Healy in my room, then Benny Bersky could hear me too. She said can't I just picture Bersky with his ears cocked and his pencil poised listening to me composing my songs.

I had to play the manuscript song (the one Ornstein gave Florence when she told him everything and made him a party to the plot) nearly a week before Florence told me I could stop. I wish I could have been there when Bersky walked in with it and told Ornstein he had a brand-new hit. Florence was there and she said it was pathetic to see Bersky crying and slobbering all over himself when Ornstein showed him he had the goods on him. Florence was so sorry for him, she persuaded Ornstein not to have him arrested. The poor guy must have fallen awfully low to do a thing like plagiarizing songs. I can't understand why he bothered stealing the last one, the one that trapped him. It wasn't nearly as good as my two. . . .

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 21)

Card Lost by Member of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, announces the loss of the Life Membership Card belonging to one of its members, James M. Propst, whose membership number is 1159. The card was issued for the year 1935-36.

It is requested that this card be taken up immediately if presented at any Lodge, and that the Secretary of Terre Haute Lodge be notified.

C. L. Shideler, Secy.

Florence, Ala., Elks Hold Barbecue

Members of Florence, Ala., Lodge, No. 820, celebrated the Fourth of July with a big barbecue, followed in the evening by a regular meeting. Clarence M. Tardy, of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79, Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Assn., gave a splendid talk at the barbecue.

Successful Summer Season of Quincy, Mass., Lodge

A busy summer program, outlined at the beginning of his administration, by E.R. Clyde E. Orcutt, of Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, was successfully carried out. A live Entertainment Committee, headed by P.E.R. William C. Canniff, Jr., had much to do with the many activities, among which were numbered a dance at the Wollaston Yacht Club, a stag clambake and a clambake for Elks and their ladies.

Quincy Lodge's Beano Games are now in the tenth month and still going strong.

George A. Rhodes, Correspondent



Diamonds MEASURE THE HARDNESS OF GILLETTE STEEL

HAVEN'T you often noticed that even in the same package of ordinary blades—one blade may give you a decent shave—while others pull and scrape? Lack of uniformity begins with the steel itself. In the finest coil of steel, hardness varies. This is why diamonds—rare and costly—80 times harder than any other substance in the world—test the temper of Gillette steel after heat treatment in furnaces exclusive with this company.

Every minute of every working day samples of steel from the furnaces are submitted to the hardness tester pictured above. Here

a square cut diamond—pressed against the steel—measures hardness with absolute accuracy. Variations of more than 1½% from the desired standard result in rejection of the steel.

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PROVED THE BEST SMOKING PIPE IN THE WORLD
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Protect your dog's health; give him new "pep"; free him of worms...the cause of 75% of all dog ailments. It's easy now. No more guessing which kind of worms afflict your dog; the new **Pulvex Worm Capsules** expertly dispense. No gassing, gagging or harmful effects. At pet shops and drug stores. 75¢, or write us direct. **BACKED BY** William Cooper & Nephews, Inc., 92 YEARS OF 1929 Clifton Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

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The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 29)

Chanters and the excellent male chorus from Lorain, O., Lodge, No. 1301. A baseball game at the Red Bird Stadium was a major attraction in the early evening, and was followed by a soft ball game and fireworks. Wrestling matches and exhibition boxing bouts were presented throughout the week for the entertainment of fight fans. James J. Braddock, World's Heavyweight Champion, was one of the famous fighters who appeared.

THE chief social event on Tuesday was the Governor's Purple and White Ball which took place at Olentangy Park. Dancing, bathing and the colorful pageant—"Days of '49"—were especially enjoyed on that day. A beauty contest was conducted at the Park with 300 charming young ladies entered in competition. Miss Oleta Richardson was chosen "Miss America of Elkdom" by the three judges, and was one of the guests of honor on the following evening at the Grand Crystal Ball.

On the Tuesday night program was a concert by a well-known Antlers Band of 75 pieces comprised in the main of young musicians from Kent, Ravenna and Warren, O.

On the following day, Wednesday, July 17, the program commenced with a concert by the Los Angeles Chanters with J. Arthur Lewis, their leader, conducting. The second business session of the Grand Lodge was then held. At this session the Annual Memorial Service for departed Grand Lodge Members took place. It is reported elsewhere in this issue.

After the business sessions the Grand Lodge officers and a delegation of local Elks visited the graves of three prominent Columbus Elks—Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, who held office in 1924-25; John W. Kaufman, a distinguished P.E.R. of Columbus Lodge, and P. J. Dern, who was a much loved and respected Trustee of the Lodge. In the party were Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, Grand Chaplain Arthur O. Sykes, E. R. Paul M. Herbert of Columbus Lodge, and a number of other distinguished members of the Order. They visited the Elks burial plot in Greenlawn Cemetery after leaving Mr. Price's grave in St. Joseph's Cemetery.

Early in the afternoon the Chorus of Medford, Mass., Lodge, No. 915, entertained, and later the Grand Lodge convened for its third session.

Final play in the Golf Tournament took place on Wednesday and various other activities of a diverting nature filled the time of those who did not attend the Grand Lodge session.

THE prize contests for bands and drill teams were held at Olentangy Park, the preliminaries starting at two in the afternoon and the finals beginning at eight in the evening. The Drill Team of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, was the winner in the Drill Team Contest, with the Medford, Mass., Lodge Team a close second. The splendid band of Piqua, O., Lodge, No. 523, won first prize in the Band Contest, barely wresting the victory from the excellent organization from Noblesville, Ind., Lodge, No. 576.

One of the featured events in the afternoon was an Exhibition Drill by the Lady Elks Drill Team of Lorain, O., Lodge, No.

1301. The ladies drilled in front of the Home of Columbus Lodge.

Unique among the events occurring during Convention Week was a series of races by horned toads brought to Columbus by the Arizona Elks, who started on the arduous trip with 101 toads and arrived with but 22. Those surviving presented a difficulty. The city of Columbus could not furnish their staple diet of flies. F. A. Michel, Toad Trainer, and M. H. Starkweather, Toad Track Manager, finally procured a supply for their pets at the local slaughterhouse.

That night, at Memorial Hall adjoining the Lodge Home, was held the social highlight of the Convention—the Grand Crystal Ball. The affair proved to be, as is usual at National Conventions, a most colorful one, with excellent music and a tastefully decorated ball room. The floor show was pronounced the finest ever presented in Columbus. Retiring Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and Grand Exalted Ruler-elect James T. Hallinan were the guests of honor. The brilliant gowns worn by the ladies blended harmoniously with the soft lights and gay decorations of the large hall, providing a spectacle of color and beauty.

Those who did not attend the Ball enjoyed the Elk choruses, community singing, other special entertainment, and dancing in the Sunken Garden of the Columbus Lodge Home.

A CONCERT by the Lorain Lodge Chorus opened the official program on Thursday, July 18, followed by the final business sessions of the Grand Lodge. The principal event was the impressive ceremony of installation of the new Grand Lodge officers by Joseph T. Fanning, Dean of the Past Grand Exalted Rulers.

The big social event on Thursday was the multi-colored Grand Parade which wound its way through the wide streets of Columbus. In the three-mile procession were close to 60 beautiful floats, 40 bands and 15,000 marchers, escorted by airplanes from Wright Field, Dayton, O., and Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Mich. It took four hours for the parade to pass the reviewing stand that had been erected in front of the Columbus Lodge Home.

One of the most original and interesting floats in the procession was the one representing the Arizona State Elks Hospital at Tucson. Miss Margaret Thomas, Superintendent of the Hospital, participated in the parade. Prizes were awarded the floats from the States of Florida and Indiana—Florida for the most beautiful, and Indiana for the finest interpretation of Elkdom. The float entered by Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, received the prize for being the best from a historical standpoint. York, Pa., Lodge, No. 213, had the finest appearing marching delegation, with Elyria, O., Lodge, No. 465, second, and Lima, O., Lodge, No. 54, third.

Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, together with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and the newly elected Grand Lodge officers, headed the parade. Thus they were finished with their part in the procession in time to view the parade as it passed their special box opposite the Lodge Home. With this impressive and gallant spectacle was closed one of the most memorable Conventions of the Grand Lodge ever held in its long and honorable history.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 24)

At 9:30 the Convention Ball was held in the dance pavilion on the Chautauqua Grounds at Lake Madison with 600 couples participating. Vaudeville entertainment further brightened the evening.

The officers elected by the Assn. for the coming year are: Pres., Casper G. Aaberg, Brookings; 1st Vice-Pres., Milton E. Dowdell, Mitchell; 2nd Vice-Pres., Herbert M. Johnson, Rapid City; Secy., Carl H. Nelles, Madison; Treasurer, M. M. Korte, Aberdeen; Trustees: O. F. McNulty, Sioux Falls, (five years) and William T. Williams, Watertown (one year). Sioux Falls was chosen as next year's Convention City.

Carl H. Nelles, State Secy.

Michigan

The 30th Annual Convention of the Michigan State Elks Association was held at Detroit June 14-15-16, with Detroit Lodge, No. 34, acting as host. Approximately 200 members of the Order were in attendance, including Past Grand Trustee John K. Burch, of Grand Rapids. Thomas J. Brady, of Pontiac, Pres. of the Assn., occupied the Chair at all the sessions. E.R. Irvine J. Unger, of Detroit Lodge was General Chairman of the Convention. Under his leadership the Detroit Elks furnished a complete and enjoyable program of entertainment.

In the State Ritualistic Contest, the officers of Kalamazoo Lodge, No. 50, defenders of the trophy cup, again won first place and as a result, entered the National Ritualistic Contest at Columbus where they made a most creditable showing. Lansing Lodge, No. 196, won the State Drill Team Contest.

A Lodge of Sorrow was held with impressive ceremonies by Lansing Lodge, No. 196, in memory of Past Pres. William M. Bryar, Dowagiac Lodge; State Vice-Pres. Earl Leininger, Ishpeming Lodge, and George S. Baxter, who was an Honorary Life Member of Detroit Lodge. The eulogy was given by Past Grand Trustee Burch.

The officers of the Mich. Elks Bowling Assn. met during the Convention, with Harry Ziegenhein of Kalamazoo Lodge presiding. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, and a report of the meeting, submitted to the Convention, was duly accepted and made a part of the proceedings.

Frank G. Mitzel, of Detroit Lodge, Pres. of the Elks National Bowling Assn., was elected Pres. of the State Assn. Vice-Pres.'s elected are: L. M. Richard, Lansing; Thomas P. Gillotte, Pontiac; John G. Stenglein, Marquette, and L. H. Fish, Benton Harbor. Arthur E. Green, Kalamazoo, was re-elected Secy., and James G. Shirlaw, Battle Creek, was re-elected Treas. The Trustees are Herbert A. Kurrasch, Alpena; Paul J. Ruppe, Hancock; John Olsen, Muskegon, and Louis A. Worch, Jackson.

Kalamazoo was chosen to entertain the Convention in 1936.

A handsome watch was presented to the retiring President, Thomas J. Brady, in appreciation of his untiring efforts in behalf of the Assn. during his year of office.

The highlight of the social activities was the banquet given on Saturday evening, June 15, by Detroit Lodge. The Hon. Raymond Kelly, Corporation Counsel of the City of Detroit, was the principal speaker. A floor show and dance followed the dinner.

Arthur E. Green, State Secy.



Geo. O'Neill, State Auditor, Pierre, S.D., and daughter, Patricia Ann.

I DISCOVERED A NEW THRIFT IDEA

Gentlemen:

I have been prompted to write you many times to inform you of an actual test I gave your motor oil.

I drove my last car 52,000 miles and didn't have the motor touched until it had gone 42,000. Then I had the valves ground, and the mechanic marvelled at their fine condition. I attribute this mainly to the use of Quaker State.

On several occasions, however, I was prevailed upon to change to another oil. When I found I was forced to add more oil between changes than when I was using Quaker State, of course I went right back to Quaker State.

I also found that in using Quaker State, I could safely drive the car an additional two or three hundred miles before changing oil.

So I can truthfully say that, in the long run, I find Quaker State is much more economical than using ordinary brands of motor oil.

Sincerely,

Geo. O'Neill

"First choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS

Retail price . . . 35c per quart

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The Elks Magazine is a "fraternal magazine" in the sense that it is the official organ of a great fraternal order; but there's no good reason why advertisers should miss the value of its advertising pages just because of its name, and general classification.

The Elks Magazine is in a class by itself. It is first of all a good magazine, in the best sense of that expression. It carries news of the activities of the Order; but it is news that should be interesting to all good citizens, whether they're members or not.

The members of this organization are doing a lot of things besides just being Elks. Civic affairs, community betterment, many public-spirited activities, are started and carried through by Elks lodges. The magazine keeps them informed as to what is being done.

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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 23)

The District Deputies attending the parley were: E. A. Bergfeld, Seguin, Tex., Lodge, No. 1229; Matt M. Sinnett, Pampa, Tex., Lodge, No. 1573; E. J. Ormsby, Mexia, Tex., Lodge, No. 1449; W. W. Short, Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151; W. H. Laubach, Little Rock, Ark., Lodge, No. 29; Harry F. Hinsh, Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946; C. R. Harter, Hobart, Okla., Lodge, No. 881, and Arthur Carr, Santa Fe, N. M., Lodge, No. 460. Judge Hallinan and Mr. Groh left that night for Colorado Springs.

The Grand Exalted Ruler met with the District Deputies of Colorado and a number of distinguished Elks on Sunday, August 4, at the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Dr. Lloyd R. Allen, of Colorado Springs Lodge, No. 309; D.D.'s W. E. Daley, Loveland Lodge, No. 1051; W. R. Crylie, Salida Lodge, No. 808; Charles J. Schuler, Telluride Lodge, No. 692, and George L. Hamllik, Central City Lodge, No. 557; E.R. D. C. Hutchings and Secy. M. E. Stubbs of Colorado Springs Lodge, and Ted Barnes. The conference extended through the afternoon. Members of Colorado Springs Lodge accorded the Grand Exalted Ruler a royal welcome, and both he and Mr. Groh were hospitably entertained.

(Further reports of Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan's visits will appear in next month's issue.)



Supplementary Business of the Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 32)

lers Council, who offered his services and information regarding the Antlers, saying that he would be available at the Deshler-Wallick Hotel all week.

Seeing Grand Secretary Masters in the audience, Judge Hallinan called upon him for a few remarks. Mr. Masters responded most effectively, saying that the Grand Exalted Ruler-elect's policy was to call the Order back to the basic principles of Elksdom, and that such a fundamentally sound program was bound to succeed. He stressed the three following points as the most important ones in the proper administration of a subordinate Lodge:

1. Sound business methods.
2. The promotion of good fellowship.
3. Proper exemplification of the Ritual.

In closing his well received remarks, Mr. Masters offered the services of his office to the incoming Exalted Rulers at all times.

T. V. A.

(Continued from page 17)

charge of the laboratory are no ordinary impractical brain trusters. There are three of them, each receiving a salary of \$10,000 a year, which is top in TVA.

At 8:00 o'clock almost every morning in Knoxville, you may find Dr. Arthur Morgan, 57, at his desk. His friends call him a practical mystic. He looks like a Savonarola in well-tailored, modern clothes. Although he is on leave of absence from the presidency of Antioch College, for years before he entered academic work he had been one of the country's outstanding hydraulic engineers.

From long experience, he knows what it is to meet a payroll and make an investment pay. No one seems to know just what his politics are, but a brief conversation with him reveals that he is savagely opposed to the spoils system. Not one of the 13,445 direct employees of TVA got his job through political patronage. All had to pass muster with a skilled personnel bureau. Dr. Arthur Morgan is directly responsible for the mammoth construction program and acts as general overseer and coordinator of the whole plan.

A FEW steps down the corridor, one finds Dr. Harcourt Morgan. He is President of the University of Tennessee and for nearly 40 years the Tennessee Valley and its possibilities have been more important to him than the hope of Heaven. He knows the Valley people, from the dour and suspicious mountaineer Republicans to the easy going Democrats in the flatlands. As head of a state-owned institution, he is fully cognizant of the rough-and-tumble scramble that is American politics, and he has usually come out on top in his scuffles. His job with TVA is agriculture. He is in the enviable position of a man who at last has a rich opportunity to consummate the dreams of a lifetime.

David Eli Lilienthal, 36, the third member of the triumvirate, was a successful lawyer and a former public service commissioner in the liberal state of Wisconsin. He is a gentleman with strong thews, who likes to use them in slugging matches with recalcitrant power companies. It is fortunate that he does because he is in charge of TVA's power program.

The casual observer is likely to draw an immediate analogy between the regional planning of Soviet Russia and TVA, or between TVA and Mussolini's experiments with the corporative state. It is true that there is a superficial similarity but at the same time there is a very fundamental difference. Remember that Stalin and Mussolini accomplish their ends by force. TVA has no special power whatever. Its 13,000-odd employees and executives must tactfully get the cooperation of the 2,000,000 residents of the Valley by example and persuasion.

And what with Congress' acceptance of President Roosevelt's TVA Bill, and the decision of the Fifth United States Circuit Court of Appeals upholding TVA on all disputed points, it seems that the legislative

and judicial branches of the Nation are coming to look upon TVA's ideals as a nation's ideals.

TVA is really what chemists would call a catalytic agent whose presence, it is hoped, will bring an orderly mix out of the disorder of the present conflicting economic forces in the Valley. Just as America grew from the grass roots, TVA believes that the solution to our present problem must be found by the intelligent and far-sighted adaptation of the great forces of nature to man's needs. The demands of our industrial economy have broken two natural, interlocking cycles and we are now suffering because they have been smashed.

First, there is the cycle which says that plants shall feed animals. Animals in turn borrow from the plant the necessities of life and then return to the soil the vital elements of plant life. The use of every part of an animal for manufacturing purposes, coupled with the demands of modern sanitation, have made it impossible for the animals to pay their debts.

The other cycle is that of water. Picture the sun as a gigantic pump, constantly drawing water from the seas, scattering it in rainfall over the land, where the forests with their spongy roots and the natural vegetation store it in wet seasons and release it in dry. The water flowed in regular quantities from month to month down to the rivers which sent the water on to the ocean where the sun could again pick it up.

This was the primeval and normal hydrologicycle. But industry has demanded that we slaughter our forests and plant land for money crops which never should have felt the plowshare. The result is that over vast areas there is no proper vegetation left to regulate the flow of the water. Our rainfall, instead of being a benign influence which makes things grow, has become a menacing force in the Valley, beating upon the unprotected top soil, tearing it loose and carrying it down to our rivers. These, in turn, thunder away down their valleys in mighty floods during wet seasons and shrink to microscopic rills during dry ones.

REMEMBER that properly handled soil and water are inexhaustible natural resources. If the proper elements are constantly returned to the ground, the good earth will be fecund for man's need forever. The same gallon of water will help turn a thousand properly situated turbines and even after it has gone down to sea, will come back in rain to turn them again and again. Water is the perpetual motion machine which scientists have been seeking for years. But man, in his folly and his anxiety to make immediate profits, has wasted soil and water, the two most valuable gifts which nature has given.

TVA's attack on the problem of bringing about an economy of abundance is simple. It would carefully restore these two natural cycles. Over a million acres in the Tennessee Valley are runneled and gullied by water erosion. They can neither support human life nor pay taxes to the public treasury. Those who live on them are on the relief

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rolls, useless to themselves and an expense to the people as a whole.

So TVA is damming the gullies—and the technical answer to the whole problem is largely based on dams—with brushwood and earth to check the flow of rain water; is smoothing out the fields which have been so pitted by erosion that they look like the Western front in 1918, and is planting the proper trees and cover crops to prevent further waste from taking place. These water-blasted acres will be back in production within two or three years. Cheap fertilizer is necessary to restore the cycle of the soil.

TVA is using the facilities of the \$130,000,000 war-time munitions plant at Muscle Shoals to find out how to produce these necessary fertilizers at a cheap enough price to make it possible for the farmers to purchase them. It is a curious anomaly that the plant which was intended to deal death to the Central Powers in the World War has been found readily adaptable for the manufacture of the life-giving elements necessary to the soil.

Dams, big and little, running all the way from the two-foot brush pile flung across an erosion gulley to the mighty river dams, form the spear-head of TVA's attack on the confused economy of the Valley. First, far back in the mountains is Norris Dam, which will be finished next May at an approximate cost of \$30,000,000. Next is the \$38,000,000 Wheeler Dam more than 200 miles down the river from Norris. Then comes Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals. Then, farther down the stream, Pickwick Dam is just getting under way near Shiloh Battlefield.

These dams have a three-fold purpose: First, they will eliminate the enormous waste due to the annual spring floods. Their effect in checking the precipitous rush of water during the wet season will be felt clear to New Orleans and will save the taxpayers of the whole Tennessee and Lower Mississippi Valley huge annual sums. Then, too, these dams are intended to flood out the shoal waters in the Tennessee River all the way from Paducah, Kentucky, to Guntersville, Alabama, a distance of 358 miles. The railroads of the Tennessee Valley run almost entirely north and south. The river runs almost entirely east and west. This 358-mile waterway will open up areas which hitherto have had no transportation whatever and make the development of industry practical.

When Congress set up the Tennessee Valley Authority in the first year of the Roosevelt regime, it was authorized to build dams primarily for flood control and navigation. By adding a few feet to the height of the dams and situation a power house at the heel of each, costs would be increased only a little and the dams could furnish power which in turn could be sold. Thus their expense to the taxpayer might be amortized over a period of years.

To arrive at a proper conception of the

whole project, one must view these dams not separately but as a complete engine. For instance, the generators at Wilson Dam alone under present conditions will put out not much more than 45,000 horsepower. This represents only what they will produce during the two dry months when the river is low. But you cannot sell power unless you can guarantee the supply twelve months in the year. Of course, during the other ten months, Wilson Dam sometimes produces as much as 200,000 horsepower and when the river is completely harnessed, that one plant is capable of developing over 600,000 horsepower. So it is as foolish to speak of the production of the Muscle Shoals plant

it contributes its bit to the 600,000 horsepower—then on to Pickwick Dam, where it will once more turn over generators.

Our single drop of water then goes on to the sea where the sun picks it up and brings it back to the farm near Knoxville and the whole process begins all over again. This process, by the way, should develop 2,322,000 kilowatt hours through the whole TVA system.

What is to be done with all of this vast power? The answer lies in the future, but TVA has some very specific plans for it.

First, with cheap power and cheap river transportation, together with a wealth of natural resources, it is expected that new

industries not now existing in this country, will spring up. For instance, practically no ceramics are electrically fired in this country. Cheap power will make this possible and will put into the pockets of American wage earners the money which is now going to workers in England, Poland and Germany.

Then there are vast possibilities for an electro-chemical industry, using soft coal as a raw material. Chemicals are not perishable and may be shipped by water. All that is needed is cheap power.

It is hoped that small industries will spring up in counties which have no industry but agriculture, thus absorbing the excess population of those spots and taking people permanently off the relief roll.

Rural electrification will not only cut down drudgery on the farm but will make it possible for the farmers to do their own refrigerating. Then they will not be at the mercy of the speculators of the food markets but can hold their perishable products, either for their own use or for a better price.

In fine, TVA believes that American dollars should be invested in developing American markets. This country has loaned many millions of dollars to foreign countries for the purpose of developing our foreign markets. TVA thinks we ought to spend this money on ourselves rather than others.

The model town of Norris, which is near the big dam, is a vest pocket edition of what the Valley will look like if the project works out according to prediction. Here are completely electrified homes including even house heating. Here every resident has his own garden plot. The town is so carefully laid out that sidewalks run under the highways so that a child may walk a mile to school and never be subject to any traffic hazards.

Some ten to fifteen thousand people have gone through that town in the last year. The Chief of Police told me that they had not made a single arrest for a felony in all that time and that a total of 38 arrests had been made, all for minor traffic violations and public intoxication. I asked him how he accounted for this. He replied, "If you treat people right, they behave themselves."

Perhaps his remark sums up the whole theory of TVA in a single sentence.



"When it's noon, ma'am, I eat!"

as only 45,000 horsepower as it would be to talk about the power potentialities of one cylinder of an eight-cylinder automobile engine.

Let us project ourselves five years into the future and trace what will happen to a drop of rain water from the time it falls on a farmer's land in the hills back of Knoxville. First, it will be soaked up by the roots of vegetation and then released as a clear spring to flow down into the Clinch River. It will not carry any top soil with it to fill up the reservoir back of the dam or clog the navigation channel because erosion will be practically checked. This drop of water then goes to Norris Dam where it probably will be held in the great reservoir with a 775-mile shore-line until the dry season, when it will be released to keep the level of the river even.

Turning generators as it leaves Norris, it moves on to Wheeler Dam where, again, it may be delayed in storage. Leaving there, it once more turns generators, goes on to the big power plant at Muscle Shoals where



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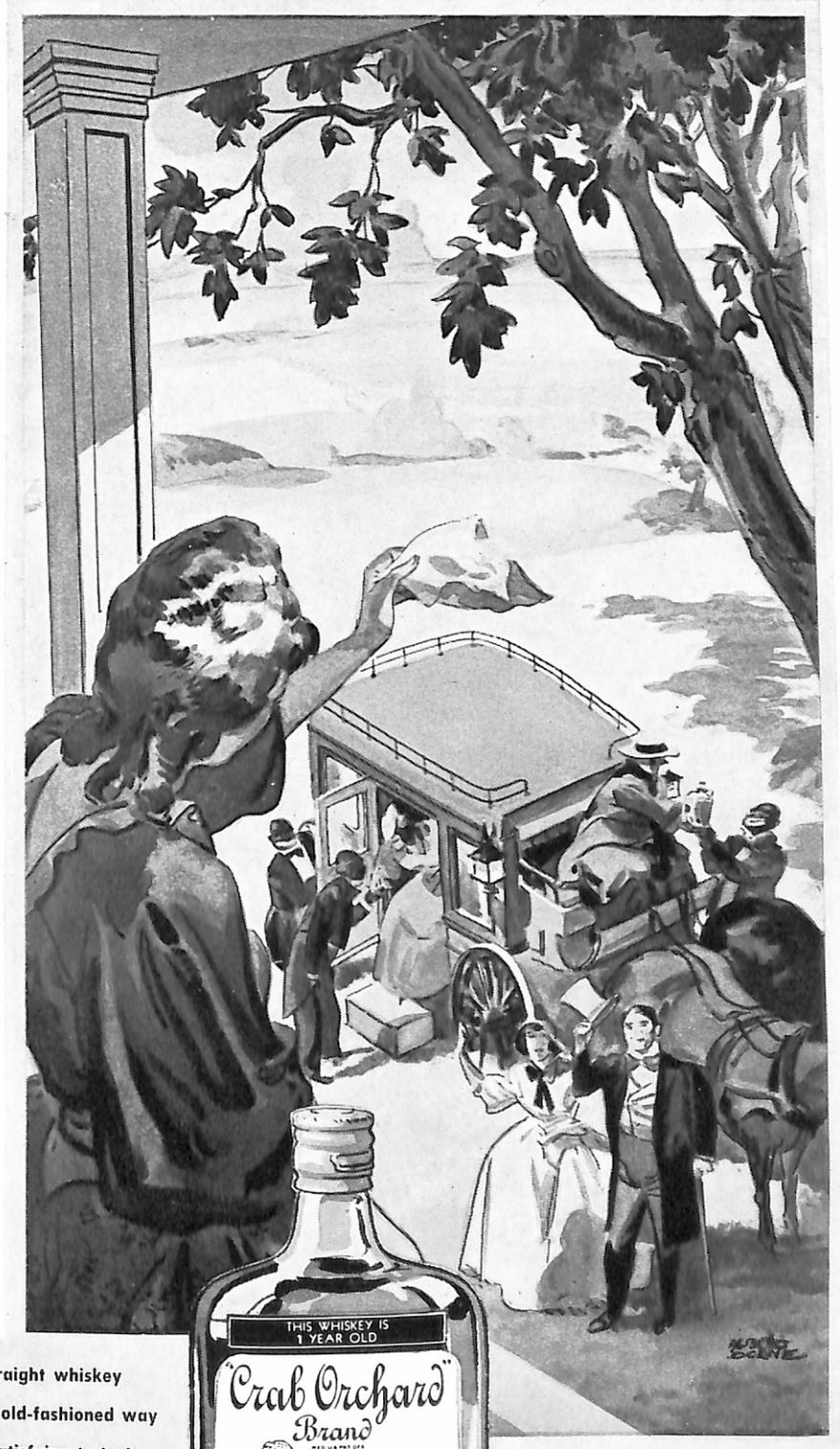
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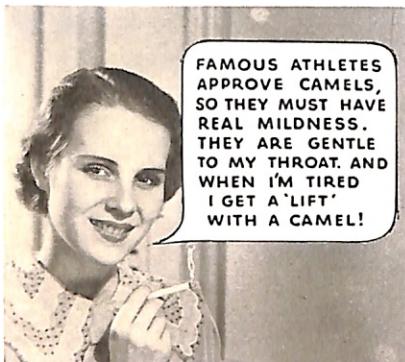
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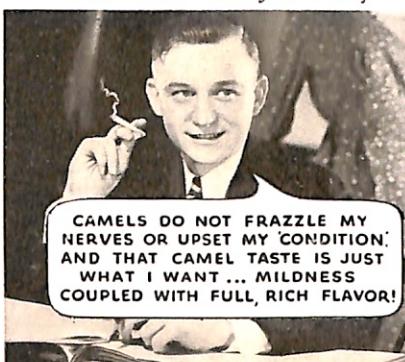
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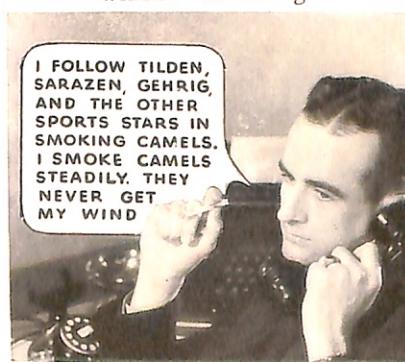
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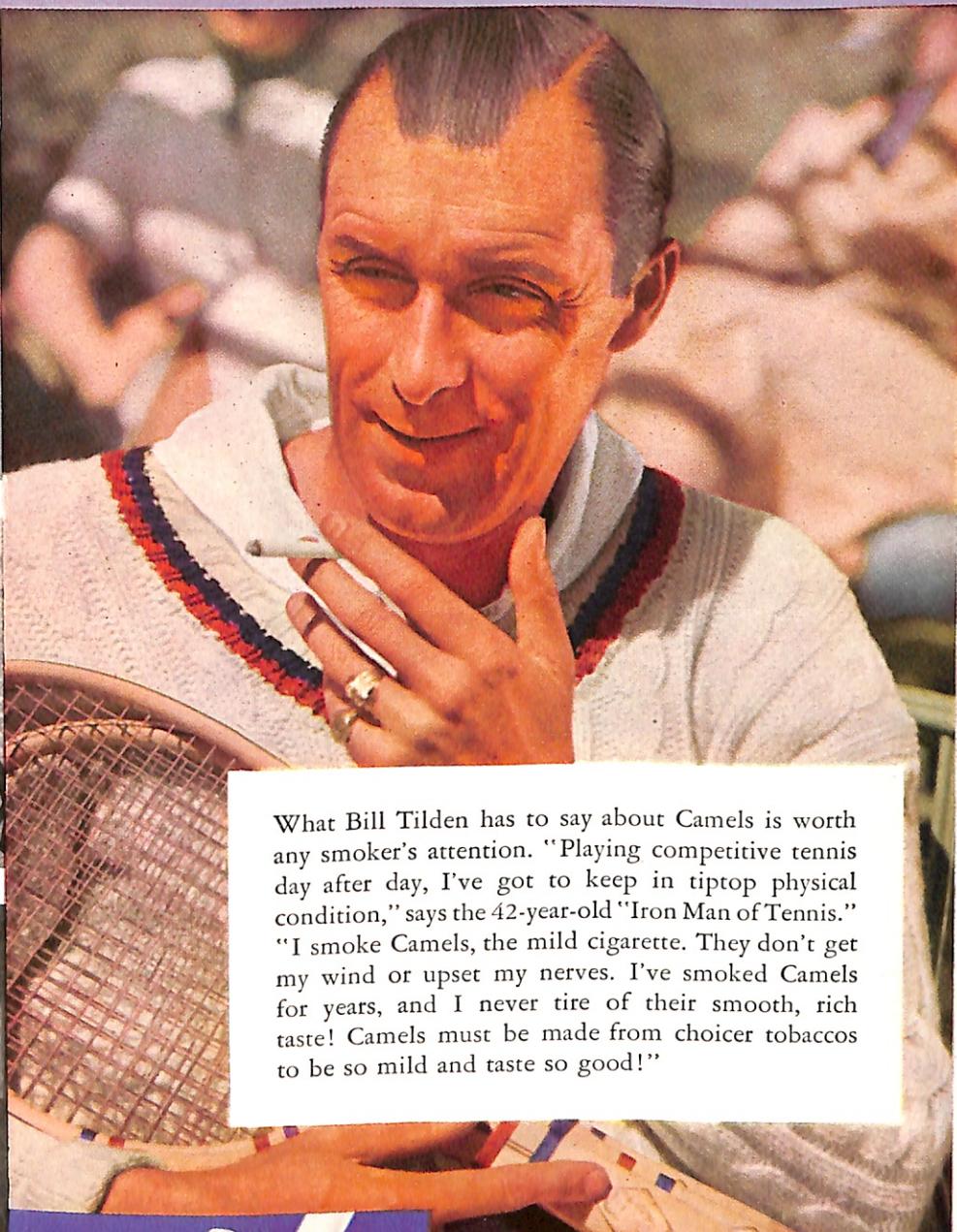
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